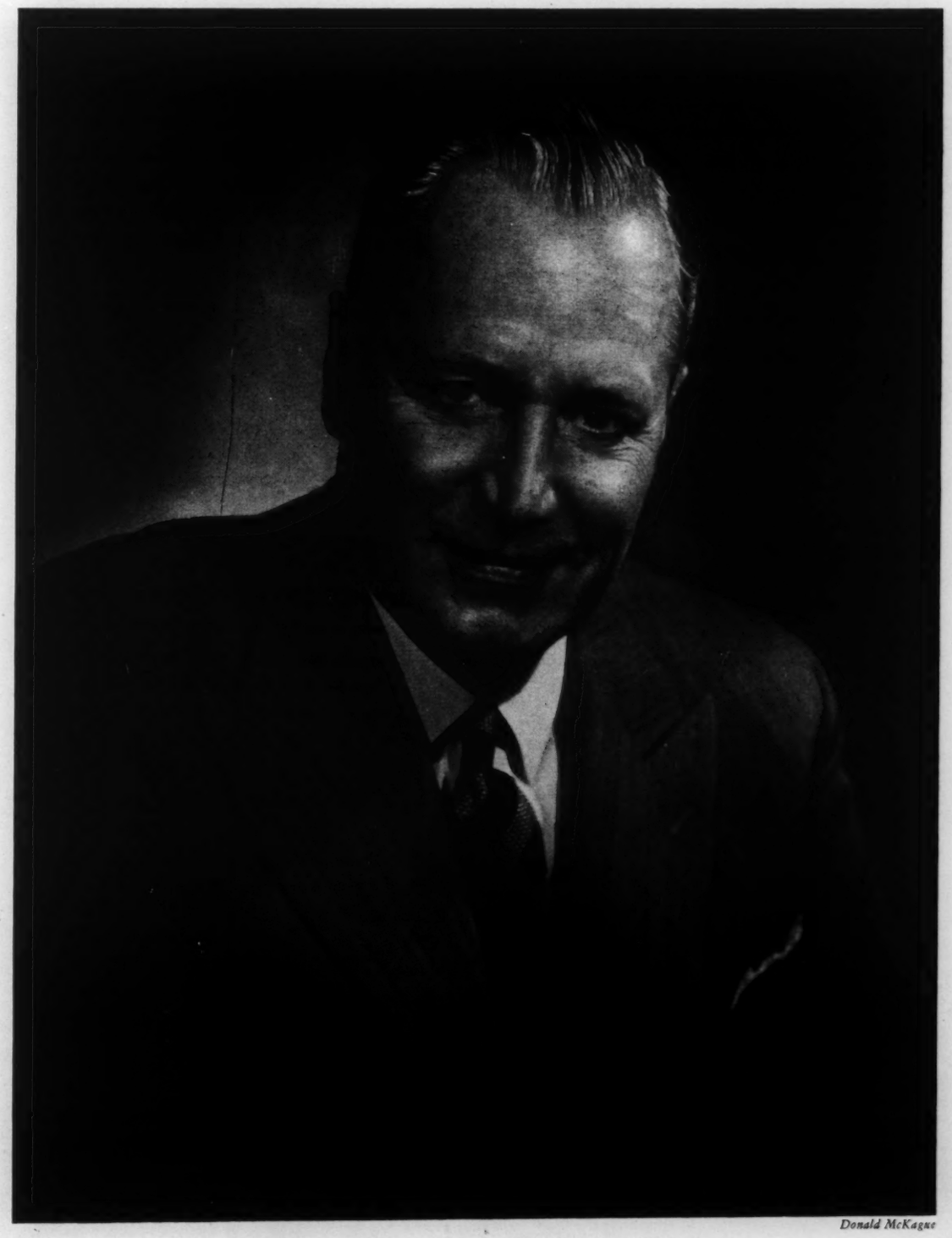
Saturday Night

August 29, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

It is fitting that the most primitive of material considerations, man's need to fill his belly at fairly regular intervals, should have done more than anything else in recent years to reveal the shabby inadequacies of Communism, a doctrine of primitive materialism.

The revelation has unfolded with the inexorable simplicity of a tale in which the players always stay in character. It started when the hungry workers of East Germany tested the temper of their Communist masters by staging strikes; the whole world knew then that there was not enough food in the Eastern Zone, and that the Communists could not do much about it except use the Red Army to force the strikers back to work. The story might have ended there, just another brutal incident, had not the offer of a gift of food by the United States been scornfully rejected by the Communists; the rejection was inevitable, because a totalitarian state can never confess that it is unable to look after its people. Just as inevitable was the reaction of the Communists when the United States put the food within reach of the hungry Germans; intellectually impoverished by their doctrine,



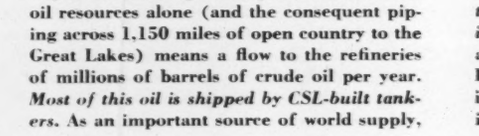
Donald McKague

GEORGE DREW: The Course of Conservatism (Page 7)

Conveyors of Western Wealth

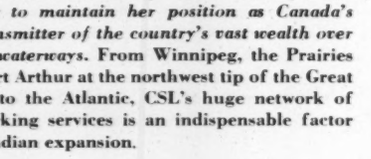
SOME OF THE EARTH'S most bountiful stores of wealth are concentrated in our western provinces — in wheatfields, oil wells, ranches, forests, orchards, mines and waterways. The amazing development of Alberta's oil resources alone (and the consequent piping across 1,150 miles of open country to the Great Lakes) means a flow to the refineries of millions of barrels of crude oil per year. *Most of this oil is shipped by CSL-built tankers.* As an important source of world supply, Canada is fast becoming a major economic power and is taking a rapidly-growing part in the political affairs of the world. *In step with this progress, Canada Steamship Lines has expanded steadily to maintain her position as Canada's top transmitter of the country's vast wealth over inland waterways.* From Winnipeg, the Prairies and Port Arthur at the northwest tip of the Great Lakes, to the Atlantic, CSL's huge network of interlocking services is an indispensable factor in Canadian expansion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



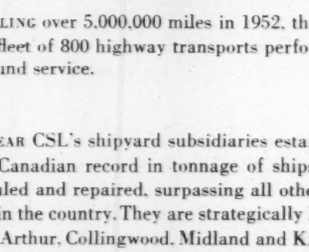
TWENTY PACKAGE freighters—with cargo-handling facilities and special equipment at CSL terminals — carried 1,000,000 tons of general freight in 1952. Twenty-seven giant bulk freighters (compartmented for different cargoes) handled 100,000,000 bushels of grain, 2,400,000 tons of iron ore, 4,600,000 tons of coal — exceeding shipments of the same products by any other Canadian company.

MUCH OF OUR GRAIN is distributed to a hungry universe through CSL. In addition to shipping a hundred million bushels last year, the Company's two elevators handled 45,000,000 bushels. In 1952, CSL's eight coal docks and fourteen freight terminals were clearing centres for some 750,000 tons of coal and 1,000,000 tons of freight respectively.



TRAVELLING over 5,000,000 miles in 1952, the Company's fleet of 800 highway transports performed a year-round service.

LAST YEAR CSL's shipyard subsidiaries established a new Canadian record in tonnage of ships built, overhauled and repaired, surpassing all other companies in the country. They are strategically located at Port Arthur, Collingwood, Midland and Kingston on the Great Lakes — and at Lauzon, opposite Quebec, on the St. Lawrence.



Canada Steamship Lines Limited

739 VICTORIA SQUARE • MONTREAL

Branch Offices in principal cities in Canada and the United States and in London and Liverpool, England.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

The Front Page

they had only one solution to the problem of the new situation—more brutality.

In the Communist philosophy, a man is primarily a creature of physical needs; if he can be persuaded that he is being looked after as well as is possible by a paternal state, he will be happy. The process of persuasion makes it necessary for the state to possess his mind as well as his body. If he can not be persuaded, he must be made afraid; he is an animal, therefore he can be fenced, reined, beaten and if necessary butchered.

Terror is the final weapon of the Communists, and when this fails their arsenal is empty. They cannot admit that there is a quality in man which can put him above fear—a questioning intellect which sooner or later will break out of the most rigidly controlled confines to explore new regions of thought, and a spirit whose hunger for truth cannot be appeased indefinitely by scraps from a totalitarian table. There comes a time when man is driven to test the strength of his spirit against what he fears, and when that happens terror is not a weapon but a challenge.

What drove the East Germans to seek the free food in West Berlin, in defiance of Communist threats and punishment, was hunger of the flesh, not of the spirit. But the Communist failure to apply anything but force to a dramatically simple situation revealed the rotten foundations of their whole philosophy.

Concentration

MEMBERS of the Aero Medical Association of the United States think that there should be a device in the cockpit of a plane to prevent the pilot from concentrating too much on one thing. They believe that airmen become fascinated by certain objects or duties; a fighter pilot, for instance, may concentrate so much on a ground target that he forgets to pull his plane out of its dive. Do bridge abutments, trains at level crossings and Hydro poles hold a similar fascination for motorists? We think not. The problem on the ground seems to be one of getting the driver to concentrate more, not less.

Visitor from Holland

WHEN WE dropped around to pay our respects to the Associated Country Women of the World, who gathered (over 1,100 of them) in Toronto last week for their triennial conference, we sought out Mrs. Beekhoff van Selms, a vice-president of the Women's Institutes in the Netherlands, to ask her how matters stood along the Maas and the Ijssel, where we had scuttled about some years ago during an unpleasantness there. Very well, said Mrs. Beekhoff, but the country was still working hard to repair damage done by the devastating floods early this year. "After the floods, there were suggestions that something might be done about raising the land, but that obviously was not practical," she said. "The only thing we can do is to build the dikes higher, but they will always have to be watched. The last time, the waves swept right over the top and undermined them from the inside.

"One of my husband's occupations, incidentally," she continued in fluent English, "is described as Count of the Dike. It is the only occupation that a Burgomaster is allowed to combine with his appointment. A Burgomaster in Holland is much like your Mayor, except that it is a lifetime job and prevents the appointee from doing anything else until he is 65, at which age he may retire. My husband, like other Burgomasters, was appointed by the Queen. He looks after the 3,000 people in our village of Zoelen, which isn't very far from Arnhem. That's another difference between Holland and Canada; here almost every place seems to be called a town, but in Holland a town is described as such only if it has ever had a defending wall built around it."

Globe & Mail

MRS. BEEKHOFF VAN SELMS: The Burgomaster is appointed.

We asked her if she had had a chance to see much of this country. "Yes," she said, "I arrived ten days before the convention was to start, and I have been rushing about seeing as much of it as I can. A lot of my countrymen and women have come here, and I felt I should find out how they were getting along so that I could tell the people back home, when they asked me. I believe that many more will come here, if they are able. Our country is so tiny, and it is overpopulated. I went into Western Ontario, because many people from the Netherlands have settled there, and I met Mrs. Bernadette Smith, who is Mayor of Woodstock. We exchanged notes about our communities, and she very charmingly presented me with some little salt and pepper shakers which had been made in the city. When I get back to my husband and son Diederik (he's ten years of age), I should like to repay the gift with something typically Dutch."

Then a lady from Pakistan came along to ask Mrs. Beekhoff something about the making of samplers, and we hastened to leave, before being drawn into a controversial conversation.

A Nice Young Girl

WHEN MARILYN MONROE passed through Vancouver the other day, on her way to Jasper, there was great excitement among the newspapers. The *Sun* man was in her plane from Seattle to Vancouver, even being permitted to sit next to her at times. The *Province* man's experience was as electrifying; he got to ride around Stanley Park with her. In addition, about a score of newspaper people held properly chaperoned conversations with her, and dutifully recorded for a palpitating public the effect Miss Monroe had on their blood pressure, pulse beat, temperature and haemoglobin count. It was a skilful production, much slicker than most of Miss Monroe's performances. We can report, however, that not everyone was overwhelmed, and we shall treasure the deadpan comment attributed to Marie Moreau, fashion editor of the *Province*: "She is just like any other nice young girl with $300,000 a year."

The Chancy Atoms

OUR CONFIDENCE in the omniscience of the scientists has been badly shaken by Mr. J. Bronowski, an alumnus of Cambridge University who has written a book called *The Common Sense of Science*. We had thought of the world about us as a pretty orderly place which would go about its business with a quiet immutable efficiency if there were no human beings around to disturb the peace. But Mr. Bronowski says this isn't so—that there really isn't much law and order in the physical world, and cause does not necessarily lead to effect. Chance, says Mr. Bronowski, like a latter-day Solomon, happeneth to them all.

It seems that it is impossible to explain the flighty action of atoms by any theory of cause and effect. If chance governs atoms, and atoms make up the universe, it follows that chance governs the universe; but Mr. Bronowski hastens to assure us that chance itself must follow certain rules of probability. The common sense of science, apparently, lies in the realization that the so-called laws of nature are actually only statements of statistical averages.

The people who bet on horse races and who have learnt from bitter experience the improbabilities of filling inside straights will agree with Mr. Bronowski that, all things considered, ours is a pretty chaotic sort of a world. Others will reserve judgment until they have an opportunity to study the next theory that the physicists produce. After one generation demolished Newton, and the next hinted that Einstein was a bit of a fuddy-duddy, the only certainty we have is that the physicists are still a long way from finding out what makes the universe tick.

The Work of Prisoners

A DISCUSSION that took place during a recent meeting of the Ontario Legislature's select committee on reform institutions skirted a matter which should get a great deal more thought. W. J. Stewart, chairman of the committee, objected to the sale in Ontario of "Canadian" souvenirs which had been manufactured in Japan and the United States. He thought men and women in the province's prisons and reform institutions could be usefully employed turning out these souvenirs. Reforms Minister Foote saw some merit in the suggestion but cautioned against competition with private industry.

Trade unions, Mr. Foote said, "have not, to my knowledge, opposed manufacturing done by prisoners because they know it is essential to discipline and training. If we started to compete with outside labor, we would receive an understandable objection from the unions."

The Minister might have added that the employers of labor would also have "an understandable objection." But there is too much value in Mr. Stewart's suggestion to dismiss it without further examination. It could well produce a method of rehabilitation which would do much to reduce the number of men and women who return to jail because they have failed to re-establish themselves in society.

Mr. Foote mentioned the matter of discipline and training; useful work answers both these requirements, but it covers only the time spent in prison. Other sessions of the Ontario committee have heard how many prisoners

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honestly want to lead decent lives after they are released, but when they leave jail they have only enough money to keep them for a few days, at the end of which time they must beg, steal or borrow if they are unable to get jobs — and their record is against them.

We suggest that representatives of employers, labor unions and reform institutions between them should be able to devise a plan whereby prisoners could manufacture all sorts of things while serving their sentences; it is possible that those who were not union members already could be issued cards, and that the unions concerned could help them get regular employment once they were released; it is possible, too, that their products could be sold through private companies, and an amount of money based on their production be set aside for their use after release.

The percentage of first offenders who return to prisons in Canada is far too high. To call the repeaters congenital criminals is not only unjust but stupid; some of them may be, but certainly many others, with a little help, could become useful citizens. The indifference — and often cruelty —of society must share the blame with the weakness of the individual offender. A concerted effort of the kind we have suggested undoubtedly would bring about an appreciable reduction in the human wastage of the present prison system.

A Report on Sin

OUR MAN in charge of keeping an eye on the nation's morals reports with considerable discouragement that Sin seems to be losing little of its attraction. The cause of his pessimism was an advertisement for the French film, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, which appeared the other day in the *Montreal Gazette*. The advertisement read: "Held Over . . . 7th Week! There are continuous performances of Sin, at 1.30, 4.00, 6.35, 9.05."

Weather Man

WHEN THE American section of the World Meteorological Organization met in Toronto the other day, it seemed to be an excellent opportunity to check a theory of ours that storms sneak about in the unlikeliest places just waiting for chances to make life miserable for the men who are supposed to forecast the weather. The first weather prophet we met gave us such a nasty look that we decided to abandon the project, but before leaving we managed to meet Dr. Francis Reichelderfer, who is the 58-year-old President of the WMO.

We did not mention our theory, but we did inquire about the accuracy of weather forecasting. "In the 30 years or so I have been in the business," he said, "I have seen some remarkable progress made. I would say that about 80 per cent of forecasts are correct today, and some day I hope we'll improve on that. But weather conditions change so rapidly and there are so many factors to take into account that it is doubtful if we will ever be 100 per cent correct. Moreover, I don't think we will ever be able to control weather on any appreciable scale, like ordering sun for a holiday, for example."

Dr. Reichelderfer got into the weather business during the First World War. He saw that there was a shortage of trained weathermen, and volunteered for a course in meteorology. After completing the course, he plotted weather for naval air stations, and stayed on that job for several years.

"This is one activity in which all nations cooperate," he said. "We get a lot of weather information from Russia, for example, and this is important because weather moves generally from west to east." There have been no reports, apparently, of Russians claiming to have invented weather, along with the first weather station.

Ashley & Crippen

DR. FRANCIS REICHELDERFER: Never 100 per cent correct.

When Dr. Reichelderfer leaves his Washington post for a holiday in the tiny Indiana village of Harlan, where he was born, he can still do a certain amount of predicting without any equipment. "It's all a matter of studying cloud formations," he said. "Too complicated to explain in a few words, but not difficult to pick up with a bit of study. Of course, it will only be a rough guide for a few hours ahead, but it's helpful. My son, Bruce, who is a U.S. naval ensign, doubtless finds his knowledge useful. There's a lot of truth in many of the proverbs about weather, too. There's one about one, two or three stars close to the moon being a sign of good weather. Actually the number of stars hasn't anything to do with it, but the fact that you can see them means that they have not become obscured by altostratus and therefore rain is not a probability."

At that point Dr. Reichelderfer was paged, and we left, keeping a sharp weather eye out for any bits of cirrocumulus that might be around.

Bells and People

SHORTLY AFTER 11 a.m. on Monday, Aug. 17, lights flashed and bells rang in the lobby of the United States Department of Commerce in Washington. The lights and the bells are part of an automatic census calculator, and its enthusiastic display that Monday recorded the fact that the population of the United States had reached 160 million.

It gets pretty noisy in the lobby. A bell signals each net increase of one resident in the population of the United States, and according to our calculations, this happens every 12 seconds — there is a birth every eight seconds, a death every 21 seconds, an immigrant every two minutes and an exit (someone leaving the country) every 17 minutes.

We think a machine of this kind would be an excellent addition to the office of Immigration Minister Harris. The bells would not ring often enough to irritate him—but often enough to remind him that we could do with a lot more people in this country.

The Philosophy of Curves

A DOZEN YEARS ago *Life* magazine published a set of pictures, taken by Gjon Mili, in an attempt to prove that what is known in baseball as a curve ball actually curves about as much as the shortest distance between two points. Pitchers and hitters were not convinced by this evidence, however, and continued to throw and miss what Mr. Mili had conclusively proved did not exist. The other day, *Life* ran another set of photographs by Mr. Mili, showing that there is such a thing as a curve ball, but instead of breaking sharply, as the players believe it does, it moves in a gentle, steady arc from the pitcher to the catcher. This new evidence has been confirmed, *Life* said, by the experiments of Prof. Joseph Bicknell of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who did some highly scientific things with a baseball in a wind tunnel.

There is nothing to show that baseball players are any more impressed by Mr. Mili's second demonstration than the first, and short of teaching a camera how to bat or having Mr. Mili and Prof. Bicknell face some eminent curve-ball specialist, we do not know how they can be persuaded that science knows best. Anyone who has stood in the batter's box knows, of course, that the ball breaks, slides, flutters, jumps and does all sorts of other maddening things to avoid being hit—and what counts, after all, is what the batter sees.

The baseball players can draw support from a considerable body of philosophic argument about the existence of things. If a great tree falls in a lonely forest, is there really a noise if there is no animal there to hear it? Has anything any real substance if it is never seen by eyes? We leave the question to the scientists and the players, with the suggestion that the debate might be staged as an added attraction at, say, the World Series, between teams led by Mr. Satchel Paige of the St. Louis Browns and Mr. Henry Luce, publisher of *Life*.

Public Relations

THE PEOPLE who look after public relations for Canada's armed forces must feel like calling for extra supplies of bicarbonate whenever they think of the swift efficiency with which their obstreperous clients can spoil months of patient, persuasive toil.

The other day, for example, an RCAF jet fighter crashed into two homes in Ville Jacques Cartier, Quebec. The RCAF command at St. Hubert sent a detachment of airmen, armed with rifles, to guard the wreckage—a proper procedure, because careful examination of the debris might reveal what had caused the plane's fatal plunge and save the lives of other jet pilots. But the job was bungled. Someone had exceeded his authority and ordered that no photographs were to be taken at the scene, not even by newspaper men whose job it was to get details of the tragedy. And someone — probably the same person—had completely underestimated the morbid curiosity of the public in such cases; the initial detachment of airmen was not nearly strong enough to restrain the crowd.

The result was an enraged mob, angry newspaper men and resentful airmen. Senior officers of the RCAF acted swiftly to straighten things out, but from the view of public relations, the damage had been done. It is true that the airmen acted with more restraint than the sickening crowd of souvenir hunters that hemmed them in, but they undoubtedly could have done their job with less frantic officiousness. They should have been better prepared for such emergency action. There is no reason why junior commanders cannot be instructed well in advance on how to handle these eventualities.

Letters

Reading and Citizenship

REGARDING THE letter "Freedom to Read" (Aug. 8) . . . while it is evident that many Canadian citizens do not like to read at all, or if they read, prefer cheap literature, I do not think it logical to bring this in relevance to the fact that immigrants are being granted citizenship after five years, though some of them do not know the English language sufficiently. Immigrants, though unable to speak fluently English, have proved to be in spite of that very useful citizens, doing valuable work and it would not be fair to them to let them wait for citizenship two more years or even longer in order to improve their English. If a person for some reason cannot acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language within five years, I doubt whether this person will be able to do so in two additional years.

In any case, immigrants can hardly be made responsible for the lacking interest in good books in Canada . . .

It seems to me, that the problem of "Canadian Reading" is to be solved mainly or only by the Canadian schools. If the Canadian youth would be told again and again to read good books, by the means of which they can improve their style of writing and enrich their knowledge in an easy and pleasant way, they would finally do so, and learn to despise worthless, cheap literature, and consider reading it as loss of money, and what is more important, loss of time.

Montreal ILSE GOLDSCHMIDT

LURENE M. PROUSE, in your August 8 edition, says: "Citizenship should not be given in less than seven years and only to persons who can demonstrate ability to use the English language."

Your correspondent overlooked a very important point in not saying "English or French." When those who profess to be good Canadians lose sight of the fact that our French-speaking citizens have equal rights, whether they know English or not, they stand in the way of the unity, understanding and co-operation necessary to our national development.

Point Claire, Que. P. G. CHERRY

Who Is Confused?

YOUR ITEM "Amending a Mistake" (July 25) was a model of clarity. The letter by A. Ian Fleming (Aug. 15) termed it "confused thinking." His last paragraph agrees as to "the ridiculous state of the present law" on divorce and remarriage, and suggests changes. To all this he refers as "civil marriage."

Your item mentioned that "the law is flouted in every divorce court in the land." But this facility for circumvention is unavailable to tens of thousands standing in need of equitable release. They are denied the freedom which justice requires.

Most couples contracting a legal marriage choose to have a minister of religion as the officiant. But to say "there are two forms of marriage" is confused, and indeed wishful, thinking. It might be said that there is a third, common law marriage. There are not two forms. The contract is included in the religious ceremony. Therefore a bigamous marriage is promptly annulled.

Confusion of thought results from an inability to grasp the fact that Christianity sets up ideals of behaviour. A civil contract may be followed by near attainment of ideal Christian union. A church-wedding can be, and frequently is, a failure.

Mediaeval clerics sought to solve the problem of broken marriages by forbidding the former partners to marry others. The Church thus caused illicit unions. Inherited from this ecclesiastical absurdity is today's judicial separation, an attempt legally to un-marry without permission to remarry is perpetrated on the ground that marriage is indissoluble!

Who is confused?

Vancouver C. B. REYNOLDS

IN YOUR issue of August 15 you published a part only of my recent letter to you on the subject of divorce and the British Royal Family, under the heading "Confused Thinking."

You omitted a most important part of the letter I wrote—namely, the position of the Crown in relation to the Church of England. In so doing you strip the words "confused thinking," as used in my letter, of much of their intended meaning . . .

Westmount, Que. A. IAN FLEMING

Eliot's Attitude

YOUR REVIEW OF "A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot" seems to imply that Mr. Eliot has a contemptuous attitude towards Blake. The following, from the former's Selected Essays, may correct that impression.

"Tennyson is a very fair example of a poet almost wholly encrusted with opinion, almost wholly merged into his environment. Blake, on the other hand, knew what interested him, and he therefore presents only the essential, only, in fact, what can be presented, and need not be explained. And because he was not distracted, or frightened, or occupied in anything but exact statements, he understood. He was naked, and saw man naked, and from the centre of his own crystal . . . He approached everything with a mind unclouded by current opinions. There was nothing of the superior person about him. This makes him terrifying."

I think we should credit Mr. Eliot with the ability to say what he means —and this passage . . . is a tribute from a poet who has had to unlearn his formal education to one whose path was shorter.

Eliot has rarely used an image objectively: he has *used* images rather than *created* them, but he has emotionally understood them when doing so. If this were not so his work would not be poetically valid. The distinction is subtle and, many critics fail to see it, falling into the trap of believing Eliot to be an "intellectual poet" —a conception as ludicrous as that of a "sedentary athlete."

Toronto PETER M. URQUHART

The Kinsey Preview

I SHOULD LIKE to congratulate you on publishing the excellent pre-analysis of Dr. Kinsey's new book. I am sure that when the book is published much of what Dr. Rumming has outlined will be substantiated.

Would it be possible for Dr. Rumming to do a companion piece after the book is published to tell us how the figures bear out her analysis? I realize that it might be difficult because of the copyright laws, but I would appreciate such a précis. I am a busy housewife with three small children and I simply do not get time to do the reading I should like, nor can I afford to buy many books of this calibre at their present prices. I think that the facts of this report are of particular importance to women and should be made widely known. We have lived far too long hemmed in by the shibboleths of tradition and the mistruths or half-truths of the old wives' tales.

(MRS. J. L.) MARGARET MARTIN
Edmonton

IN ALL MY sixty-seven years, and certainly for the many years that I have been a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT, I have never seen a more disgusting article than the one on Dr. Kinsey's report about women. It is crude and vulgar. I can hardly believe that any woman would write it. If this is what comes of higher education for women, I think the sooner we stop sending our young girls to universities, the better.

(MISS) KATHLEEN L. DYER
Victoria

Television and Radio

CANADIANS should be very proud of the CBC's handling of the General Election by television.

The complex task was carried through with thoroughness and ease; indeed, the wide variety of incidents and personalities were produced in a compelling panorama.

Toronto ELLA G. MURRAY

AFTER WATCHING the CBC handling of election night on television, I could not help comparing it with the way the TV networks in the United States handled the presidential nominating conventions and the subsequent presidential election. The only conclusion I could reach was that the CBC production was that of enthusiastic but inexperienced amateurs, in comparison to the professional competence of the American producers. Possibly if I had not seen the presidential programs, the CBC treatment would have appeared skilful—but many a shoddy thing gets by simply because there is no standard by which it can be tested. I regret the need for this comment, because I earnestly want to see distinctive Canadian developments in entertainment and the arts; but if we do accept "second bests" simply because they are Canadian, we are doing our nation no service.

Toronto GAVIN CAMPBELL

OVER A PERIOD of years the British Broadcasting Corporation has demonstrated clearly, and to the satisfaction of millions, that it is competent to control the powerful means of mass communication that is radio. Its program patterns are the envy of the world and have been imitated everywhere. Despite the fact that the BBC is a State monopoly it has succeeded eminently in satisfying *all* shades of public taste. It has never, as in this country, used the lowest common denominator of taste as its standard . . .

Toronto RAYMOND VARELA

HAVING HAD to listen to the BBC for several years (there was no other radio entertainment unless one could bring in European stations or had short wave) I can understand how anxious many people in Britain are to get commercial radio. Magdalen's Mr. Taylor makes out a strong case for freedom of the air, but just as strong a case could be made for relief from the complete, ruthless, deliberate and snobbish boredom of the BBC. One of the aspects of life in this country which pleased me most was the tremendous variety offered by radio in North America, as to choice of both station and program . . .

Oshawa, Ont. STANLEY PETERS

The New Music Centre

. . . WE were indeed surprised to read Mr. Sinclair's article entitled "Messenger Boys" . . .

For the past two months we have been sending weekly communiques to many Canadian newspapers and magazines, including SATURDAY NIGHT, giving complete information about the opening of the new Canadian Music Centre in Huberdeau, Quebec . . . They have been able to give the reading public all details regarding the music to be performed at our week-end festivals. How is it then that Mr. Sinclair knows so little about our concerts?

We agree heartily with Mr. Sinclair on the relative importance of the music, the composer, and the performer in a concert. Oddly enough, he does not mention the role of the music critic. Is it to encourage or suppress music?

CARL LITTLE, GEORGE LITTLE,
Co-directors, Otter Lake Music Centre.
Huberdeau, Que.

Train Whistles

ONE NOISE NUISANCE which could easily be eliminated is the train whistle. I am convinced that railroad engineers delight in saving their most exuberant efforts in tooting for the night hours.

Winnipeg DAVE WILLIAMS

THE CAMPUS SHOP IS OPEN . . .

Filled with the exhilarating tang of new Fall fashions . . . co-ordinated partners, stunning separates, softest cashmeres, classic tartans and plaids . . . a wonderful variety of this Fall's styles, fabrics and glowing Autumn colors.

Hip-level suede jacket in rich tan or beige. Sizes 12, 14 and 16.

$45

Slim-lined pure cashmere skirt in beige or grey. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18.

39.95

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Simpson's TORONTO

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The Possible Course For Conservatism

By GWYN KINSEY

THE RETURNS from the Federal election earlier this month were still incomplete when political commentators produced two quick judgments: Canada now had only one national party, and the Conservatives would have to find a new leader. The judgments were too pat, the thinking behind them over-simplified; but there is no doubt that a situation had been created which could bring about a serious political sickness in Canada, and that the Conservative party more than any other has it in its power to prevent such a sickness.

The two factors of danger in the new situation are: the position of the Liberal party, with another overpowering majority in the House of Commons and a distribution of seats which enables it to claim that it alone truly represents the nation; and the regional representation of the other parties in the new House. There could follow the virtual destruction of the system of opposition, or the creation of a political vacuum which would be filled by the first spell-binder to convince the bewildered voters that he had a positive doctrine for them.

The Conservative party can resolve this situation, but it can do so only if it acts with courage, vigor and intelligence—and this does not mean a panicky search for a new leader. Indeed, the shabby treatment the party has given its leaders during the past couple of decades is evidence of the internal weakness which has brought Conservatism to today's precarious position.

Of the three parties in opposition, only the Conservatives have the potential power to fight the Liberals on equal terms. Despite their weak representation in the House of Commons, they have at least one member in each Province, except Newfoundland, and their candidates obtained a total of more than 1.6 million votes — over a million more than the CCF, the next strongest party. This means that Conservatism has a considerable reserve of strength, which could not only be preserved but greatly increased during the next few years. Statistics are tricky and can be used to prove almost anything — it could be argued, for instance, that the Labor Progressive (Communist) party is more truly national than Social Credit because its total vote for seven of the 10 provinces (Manitoba to Newfoundland) was over 9,000 greater than the Socred total for the same area, even though not one Communist was elected. But one figure cannot be shaken: while 2.5 million Canadians voted for the Liberal party, 2.7 million voted against it. While the Liberals were able to obtain a massive House majority, there was a huge body of opposition opinion. There is no reason why the Conservatives cannot attract a much larger part of this opposition.

They will not succeed in obtaining substantial new support, however, if they persist in following the same dreary path that has led them past successive milestones of frustration and defeat during the years since the Bennett Ministry. At the end of that path they will find that their party has become nothing more than a sentimental symbol of a nostalgic past.

The Conservative failures have been due as much to their own errors and omissions as to Liberal astuteness, and the mistakes have been made because the party has forgotten its reason for being. It has traded its soul for what appeared to be politically expedient at the moment. Disraeli once said that a political party without an idea has no unity. In the last few election campaigns, the Conservatives have not had a unifying idea, and without that, their proposals to the electorate have lacked conviction; and between campaigns, the absence of unity has been even more pronounced. As the Conservative *Ottawa Journal* mourned, "It has been a party of schism, rent by intrigues, by the manoeuvres of disloyal forces."

Disraeli knew what he was talking about. In 1833, the Tory party in England was close to dissolution — in much worse condition than the Conservative party in Canada is today. Disraeli took the fragments of Conservative thought and moulded them into a robust party. Most of his successors were wise enough to retain his method, which was the intelligent application of Conservative principles to the changing conditions of a society that was never static.

The Canadian Conservatives still have to learn that a party must have a better reason for being than the mere desire for office. It must have a positive belief to justify its existence. They had such a belief once, but they have let themselves be pushed and frightened out of it, and in their panic they have been blind to the fact that what they needed was not so much a change in leadership as a change in themselves. Leadership is important, of course, but the most able chieftain is doomed to failure if he has to lead a sceptical rabble against a well-organized, well-directed opposition.

If the Conservative party is to move to strength instead of weakness, there are two things it must do. The most important is to define its philosophy, the process of thought it will apply to conditions as they exist and as they should be in Canada. The second is the reorganization of the structure of the party to give maximum effect to its philosophy.

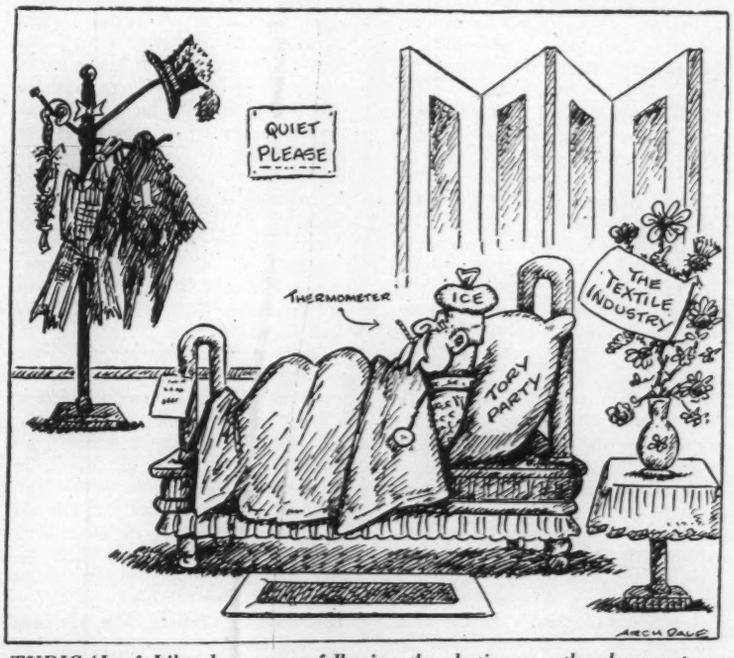
There are men and women in the party who are capable of carrying out the reorganization with skill and determination. More difficult will be the honest self-examination which must be the necessary prelude to a new declaration of belief.

Where might the party start in the preparation of its manifesto or charter, or whatever else it might be called? There is no better starting point than the name itself. Conservatism is a good word and it describes a process of thought which has brought about most of the permanent progress achieved by the human race; it means the conserving of that which is good, and the reforming of that which is bad by methods which will not imperil the whole. George Drew showed an understanding of the worth of the name when, earlier this year, he began dropping the word "Progressive" which had been added to the party's title; the addition had been made to attract voters, to destroy the image of the "reactionary Tory," but it was palpably a trick and convinced no one; a change in name does not change character. If Conservative thinking was not progressive, lengthening the party label would not make it so. But to be properly conservative, it must be progressive; otherwise it is Conservatism no longer—there is nothing but cynicism and hunger for power left to conserve.

ONCE the meaning of Conservatism has been made clear, there is a firm foundation for the definition of policy. What is worth conserving? What has been damaged that must be restored? What is needed that must be provided? What is bad that must be reformed? These are tests to be applied to all national conditions—social welfare, development of resources, conduct of justice, progress of industry and agriculture, relations with other nations, everything that concerns the whole of Canada.

A specific example could be housing. During the election campaign, we heard a great deal of Conservative talk about housing, most of it critical of what the Liberals had or had not done, but there was little indication of a strong Conservative housing policy, if there was such a thing. Yet there could have been a comprehensive statement, covering not only Conservative thought on how more houses could be built and paid for but what the party proposed to do to remove such costly impediments as archaic building codes.

Once the doctrine has been formulated, it must be carried into the wards and the concessions with missionary zeal, preached with fervor and emotion. If this is done, there will be no danger of some less worthy credo rushing in to fill the vacuum left by the need of the electorate for a positive belief, or of one party so consolidating its position that all others are devoid of anything but sectional appeal. And there is another possibility. *The Manchester Guardian* described it thus: "The lack of effective opposition exposes the Liberals to the dangers of over-confidence, breeding in time both slackness in detail and errors in principle . . . Monday's triumph must present a risk of an eventual crash followed by a disastrous reaction." If there is such a Liberal disintegration, and the Conservatives have nothing more than election promises to offer the voters, the nation could embark on an evil period of political experimentation. Thus the reformation of Conserva-



TYPICAL of Liberal comment following the election was the above cartoon captioned "The Morning After", which appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press.

tism is as much a national duty as a political necessity.

It may be said that it is no longer possible to distinguish between Conservative and Liberal. There is some truth in the observation. As far back as the 1850's in Britain, Walter Bagehot saw that there were many points at which Conservative and Liberal interests touched. But during the next 25 years it became noticeable that Liberal philosophy was not strong enough to exist on its own, and could survive only by borrowing. It could maintain tradition by drawing ideas from enlightened Conservatism, but left to itself as a utilitarian philosophy it would inevitably drift towards Socialism. Even Lord Acton, loyal to Gladstone, tried to excuse what he saw as "latent Socialism in the Gladstonian philosophy." The process of borrowing has been carried on with remarkable success by the Liberal party in Canada, but at the expense of a cohesive doctrine of Liberalism. The Liberal party, therefore, is vulnerable to the assault of a positive belief; this was demonstrated in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan earlier this month, a demonstration that could be repeated on a national scale under less healthy economic conditions.

It could be said, too, that the new Conservatism would have to be shaped one way to appeal to voters in Quebec, and another way to win support in the Western Provinces. This is the old sectional cry, and it is high time it was muffled. Mr. Drew made a bold bid for votes in Quebec during the recent election; his campaign was conducted as well as could be, according to the theory that Quebec Province is not really a part of Canada; he failed. But Quebec, by tradition and conviction, is the most conservative of all Provinces, and its best politicians, no matter what their party label, have been enlightened conservatives. It is reasonable to believe that a new statement of Conservatism, backed up by intelligent performance, would win at least as much support in Quebec as the methods followed since the First World War. The same applies in the West, where voters not bound by tradition and wearied by the ineptitude of old-line politicians are receptive to new doctrines which seem to offer them a definite passage to better living.

The Liberal party has done well during its lengthy term in office, but there must be an alternative to that party, if the nation is to remain politically stable. The election result showed that nearly 3 million voters sought an alternative but divided their loyalties to such an extent that they did not return an effective opposition. If the Conservatives do not take advantage of the opportunity for uniting anti-Government opinion, politics in Canada will move into a perilous future.

•

FANNY: Yes that was me you saw riding on a motorcycle with Haywire Harry. Why come home? I'm really living. Mother.—*Advertisement in the Berkshire (Mass.) Evening Eagle.*

But not for long, Ma.

The Social Scene

Old-Time Fiddling Contest

AVID IN THE PURSUIT of culture (if that is the word), I and some four thousand others spent two sweltering nights in the Shelburne Arena a while ago, burning while old-timers fiddled.

Shelburne is a pleasant little town (Pop. 1184, according to the guidebooks) set in the rolling farmlands back of Georgian Bay. So far as the visitor can tell, the village is indistinguishable from a dozen others in that area: the same comfortable, prosperous, badly designed homes, the same nondescript restaurants. But Shelburne has a distinction: it has appointed itself the home and centre of old-time fiddling, and it was the Annual Canadian Open Old-Time Fiddlers' Championship Contest which took me there.

Old-time fiddling is difficult to describe to anyone who has not heard it. Perhaps it's worth noting that nowhere in their official literature do the sponsors attempt a definition, but assume that everyone knows what this music is, and content themselves with such phrases as "Accepted old-time type." To those who have been to country square dances, I can say that it's what you hear there. To those who remember the days of vaudeville I can add that some distinguished exponents of the genre used to tour the circuits. To those completely unfamiliar with this music I can perhaps convey something by saying that old-time fiddling is essentially brisk, lively, and repetitious, frequently seeming to become an endurance contest between fiddle, fiddler, bow, and listener. But again, playing over the tapes which I brought home, I was reminded that old-time fiddling's undoubted appeal is not entirely in its gaiety and lilt. The slower numbers — the waltzes, for example, with which each contestant began his stint — are often poignant enough to revive old, sharp memories.

I reached Shelburne on the afternoon of the play-downs, found the town's one hotel full, was efficiently directed to a tourist home, also full, and from there just as efficiently passed on to another. At this second home, with maximum efficiency, I was induced to pay double rate for what was undoubtedly a single room, on the ground that the single room contained a double bed. But it was comfortable, and with creature needs thus taken care of I moved on to the Arena, an outsize cement-block building where the contest was to be held.

It was about five in the afternoon when I arrived; by the time I had found that press seats were indeed ringside, as promised by the Contest's very efficient publicity department, and had set up my tape recorder, it was getting on for six. Even then, more than an hour before the contest was to start, people were trickling in, making sure of the good seats immediately in front of the platform with its piano, microphones, and Rotary Club backdrop. By seven, when I got back from dinner, all the good seats were taken and people were still arriving in droves.

The rules of the fiddling contest, paraphrased from the official program, are these: each contestant is allowed three minutes and is interrupted by a loud gong when his time is up; the contestant must play a waltz, a jig, and a hoedown — in that order, and the tunes must be accepted old time type; accompaniment is permitted—any one instrument—and the accompanist may chord or play melody. "Acrobatic playing allowed, but points are not awarded for such."

THE CONTEST, billed to begin at seven, actually got under way by a quarter past. The fiddlers were held to their three minutes, there were three intervals of ten minutes each, and the last competitor took his fiddle from under his chin at ten minutes past three in the morning. In those eight hours, 91 contestants passed before the judges. By 10 p.m., the Arena was comfortably filled with some three thousand people, and at three in the morning at least two of the three thousand were still there. For the Saturday night finals, which were broadcast on the CBC's full Trans-Canada Network, the Arena was most uncomfortably filled with five thousand intent listeners.

Of the 91 contestants, 73 were competing in the old-time class; the remaining 18 were Novelty fiddlers, a class new at Shelburne this year. The nearest competitor came from Shelburne itself, the farthest from Louisville, Kentucky; the oldest fiddler was 84, the youngest 11. The old gentlemen, one or two of whom were obviously too infirm for such demanding exercise, didn't rank in the contest, but the 11-year-old, Graham Townsend of Toronto, who has been fiddling only 18 months, carried off third prize. The average old-time fiddler seems to be a man somewhere between 30 and 50 years, wearing trousers with conspicuous suspenders, and a shirt with the sleeves loosely rolled. The art is predominantly male; only two women appeared in the contest and they were hopelessly outclassed by the men.

Almost without exception, the old-time fiddler in action stands completely still, squarely facing the audience and the microphones. Nothing moves but his nimble fingers, his bow, and his bow arm, usually massive, which rises and falls in rhythmic, surprisingly gentle undulations. And, of course, the tapping foot. He presents his wares with almost a complete absence of facial expression. So grim and granite-jawed were the faces, so invariable this dead-pan approach, that during an interval I asked one of the judges about it.

"Is that one of the traditions? Are points deducted for any glimmering of expression?"

The judge, a middle-aged, stocky, fresh-faced man whose name I didn't catch but who assured me that he was a fiddler and that there had been four generations of old-time fiddlers in his family, shook his head decisively. "No, that's no part of it. If you enjoy your fiddle you'll smile while you're playing." I was forced to the conclusion that, at least during competitions, old-time fiddlers do not much enjoy their fiddles.

Practitioners of the art can, apparently, be divided into two major classes: those who tap one foot while playing and those who don't. Perhaps two-thirds do; one-third does not. Among the tappers, so far as I could tell by watching, the left foot has a slight edge. Accompaniments, aside from those tapped out, were provided by piano, guitar, or banjo, with the piano preferred by about 80 per cent. The musician providing the background is, by tradition, the "accompany-ist," and I was interested to note that the CBC's Master of Ceremonies for the broadcast, Don Fairbairn, went along with this usage. The piano provided was a Steinway Concert Grand of the largest size, and I asked the editor of the local paper, T. F. D. Claridge, if it was actually owned in Shelburne. He grinned. "No, that's Eaton's. A $9,000 job, they told us. The insurance, just for the trip up here, was $65."

Some of the fiddles used were obviously very fine, and full round tones were the rule rather than the exception. This was surprising, in that hardly a tenth of the contestants are full time professional musicians, although most of the prize winners were in that class. Obviously, too, many of the fiddles do not receive the tender care which most orchestral violinists give their instruments. One very old man with a brown, wrinkled, leathery face left his fiddle case on the table where I was working. When his name was called, he came for the fiddle, and I glanced with interest into the case. It was full of dust and dead flies.

LOOKING BACK on the contest, it seems that perhaps culture was the word I wanted. Certainly this annual contest is evidence of a strong, vital, and continuing interest in music in a particular form. Certainly a good performer in this field must have stamina, musical neatness and precision, and physical dexterity on a level which is seldom reached by the back desk violinists in many symphony orchestras, and a good third of these competitors had reached that level. Finally, the music played is considerably more worthy of attention than the average Tin-pan Alley tune: many of the hornpipes, jigs, reels and breakdowns are authentic folk-music.

On the practical side, too, the Shelburne effort is commendable. Despite the fact that the contest costs some $1,800 to stage, in the past two years it has distributed $3,000 to the co-operative district hospital, the local recreation centre, and the Rotary benevolent fund.

ALLAN SANGSTER

Ottawa Letter

Liberals, Socialists and Big Business

IT IS NOW CRYSTAL CLEAR that the lucky star of Mackenzie King shone brightly over the Liberal party in the recent election. The final tabulation of the popular vote has not been completed, but such figures as are available reveal that the Liberal party, with 48 per cent of the total vote, secured roughly 65 per cent of the 265 seats in the new House of Commons. No fewer than 20 out of the 51 Liberal members from Ontario enjoy the confidence of only a minority of the voters in their constituencies. If a system of proportional representation or even of alternative voting had been in operation, the Liberal party would have won only 127 seats and would not have commanded an overall majority, but it is the parliamentary mandate that counts and there is no doubt about that.

However, in the 21st Parliament the parties in opposition could muster among them just as much debating power as the Government, and unless some hitherto obscure political geniuses have been added to the Liberals' ranks at Ottawa, the election has brought to them no reinforcement in ability with the exception of Elmore Philpott, an experienced and well-informed commentator upon public affairs, who has been elected for South Vancouver. But Mr. Philpott has long been a maverick in politics with many radical views, which made him until the eve of the election, a stern critic of some of the policies of the St. Laurent Ministry. It will be strange if a sessional indemnity transforms him into a docile follower of the Government.

In spite of the disparity in numerical strength between the Ministerial and the Opposition benches, there is a reasonable assurance that the case against the Government's errors and follies will be adequately presented in the new House of Commons.

Under the leadership of Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Howe, the Liberal parliamentary membership has acquired a certain homogeneity of outlook. Mackenzie King used to boast that it had a bosom broad enough to contain divergent shades of opinion ranging from "diehard" reaction to extreme radicalism. Under his regime it was an amorphous party, held together by what Major C. G. Power, who has always been firmly anchored to the basic principles of Liberalism, called "the office-holding mania". But it always contained a radical wing, which was continually prodding Ministers to undertake reforms and restraining them from backslidings. This wing was mainly recruited from the three prairie provinces, but in the past decade it has grown progressively feebler.

It is true that Mr. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, who has always been regarded as the Cabinet spokesman of the party's western Leftists, has retained his seat. But he is in the position of the Roman Emperor, whose constant refrain, after one of his armies under a general called Varus had been annihilated, was, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions"; also his years forbid any great prolongation of his political career. Of the other Ministers from the prairie country Mr. Garson, while he has many merits, is no crusader for Leftist policies, and who is going to rally around George Prudham of Alberta? Accordingly, the Liberals from the prairies, who have never secured much cooperation from their brethren from British Columbia, are unlikely to exercise great influence upon the future policies of the Government, which will be largely dominated by the imposing contingent of 111 members sent to Ottawa from the two central and highly industrialized provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

THERE seems to be considerable validity in the thesis lately propounded by Grattan O'Leary in the *Ottawa Journal* that what is called "Big Business" was, in the recent election, overwhelmingly on the side of the Liberal party. It is highly improbable that the courses pursued by that party in the next few years will earn it the reproach of ingratitude for this support.

Apart from the failure of the Conservatives to regain the goodwill of any large body of Quebec voters, the most important factor in their present weakness is this shift in the political allegiance of a large element of the business interests. In the opening quarter of this century they enjoyed the steady support of St. James Street and Bay Street; financial and industrial magnates like Sir Thomas White, Sir Edmund Osler, Sir Edward Kemp and H. B. Ames were influential in inner Conservative councils and frequently sat in Tory Cabinets. But in the last election not a single individual of this type was among the candidates nominated by the Conservatives. The absence of serious backing from this quarter impelled them in their search for votes to move in a leftward direction. Indeed, the generous housing program and other radical proposals of George Hees, MP, who was one of his party's most effective campaigners, horrified some old-fashioned Conservatives. But the bid for Leftist votes was almost abortive; the Conservatives made a net gain of 4 seats and only increased their percentage of the popular vote from 30 to 31 per cent.

It is true that the CCF, while they raised the number of their seats at Ottawa from 13 to 23, only polled 12 per cent of the popular vote, which represented a decline of 1 per cent below their percentage in 1949. But it must not be forgotten that they virtually held their own in a political climate which the widespread prosperity generated in North America in recent years under the system of free enterprise had made peculiarly unfavorable to the winning of converts for Socialism. Obviously, there is in Canada a hard core of convinced believers in Socialism, whom no arguments about the success of free enterprise will sway. The present boom cannot last for ever, and when a recession comes, it will be to the CCF and not to the Conservative party that the sufferers from it will turn.

The CCF has remained largely a western party, through its failure to elect more than one or two members from the eastern provinces. This failure has been due largely to the feud between the Canadian Congress of Labor and the Trades and Labor Congress; the adherents of the former body have explicitly chosen the CCF as their political instrument, but most of the workers belonging to the latter have been so far very lukewarm to the CCF and have usually voted for the candidates of one of the older parties. But moves recently made in the United States for close cooperation in the political arena between the AFL and the CIO are now having repercussions in Canada; at the recent annual convention of the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress, there was a very sympathetic reception for proposals aiming at a concordat with the Canadian Congress of Labor for carrying on political education among the workers with a view to more effective political action in their interests in the future. If these proposals, which are only in the tentative stage, come to fruition, then the natural beneficiary of them would be the CCF. If the CCF could secure the reasonably solid support of the labor unions in the next election, it could hardly fail to carry a number of industrial seats in Eastern Canada and become a party with nationwide strength.

AS LONG as Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Howe direct the policies of their party, it will not be allowed to stray far from paths of cautious conservatism, but before the next election comes round their influence will probably be removed. Their successors at the controls of Liberal policy, when they find themselves faced with more formidable competition from the CCF, will not have many qualms about trying to outbid the Socialists with pledges of radical reforms, no matter how little these reforms may be in conformity with the traditional principles of Liberalism. So, when this development occurs, "big business" may begin to wonder whether it had been unwise in permitting the genuine conservative party of the country to be so weakened that it had ceased to be an effective political force. The day may come when "Big Business" will discover that its confidence in the Liberals always being vigilant guardians of the established economic and social order has been misplaced, and that it must swallow stiff doses of unpalatable changes in order to prevent the CCF gaining power at Ottawa and implementing a large part of its Socialist program.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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OPENS SEPTEMBER 9

Sports

The Ultimate Triumph of Sundown Sam

ACCORDING TO the motion picture script-writers and the authors of short stories, the race track always has been in a rather sorry state. A careful survey of the film libraries will reveal that the only two human types who have been associated with the race track are the guileless true-in-heart and the larceny-boys from the big city.

The traditional motion picture race track plot has gallant old Colonel Tillinghast Dangerfield and his beautiful daughter, Millicent, struggling to save their ancestral Kentucky estate from the mortgage company. Their last hope (soft music here, please), is a filly named Lightning, which is entered in the Kentucky Derby. Mr. Bad, the president of the trust company, persuades Jockey Falloff to pull the filly, forcing Colonel Dangerfield into bankruptcy. Just as the Derby field is ready to go to the post, Mr. Good, who has been posing as a stable-boy in his hopeless pursuit of Millicent, reveals himself as an undercover man for the FBI and persuades Jockey Falloff to be true-blue. Lightning wins the Derby by as far as a strong country boy can throw a big red apple and all live happily (until the next time that Colonel Dangerfield raises a filly which he believes can win the Kentucky Derby).

Probably the truth of the matter is that the stories of the little men around the race track aren't sufficiently glamorous for the motion pictures or for the pages of fiction. Most of these stories lack the traditional happy ending.

Happy ending? Who can define the term "happy ending" for old men who seek only gentle contentment and who dream their lives away in the late afternoon sun?

Take, for instance, the case of Sundown Sam:

This story began many years ago. It is a story which the film-writers will ignore because, although in its beginning it conforms to formula, it dwindles away into nothing.

Sam was born in Kentucky, they say. He wasn't born to wealth. In the light of what happened, it is safe to say that he was born to be a groom. By "groom," I don't mean one of the present generation of swipes or ginnies or hot-walkers who drift from stable to stable, waiting only for the next pay-day. I mean that Sam was one of that disappearing generation of quiet men who were born to live with horses and who dedicated their simple lives to their work.

Sam worked for a man who still is revered in Kentucky and, in fact, is revered wherever old men are associated with horses. The man died and, among his dying bequests, was a yearling filly named Sundown which he left to Sam.

You see, up to this point, the story is following the pattern; a groom inherits a filly named Sundown which goes on to win the Kentucky Derby and brings him riches.

It didn't work out that way. Hundreds of race-trackers who knew him in later years didn't realize or care that his nickname "Sundown Sam," was derived from his association with a chestnut filly.

Sam's devotion to that filly, which was probably his first possession other than the shoes, pants and shirts which he wore, was a story in itself.

He didn't attempt to train her to win the Kentucky Derby. He knew that the chances all were against a filly winning any of the great Classic races. She was a bright-eyed fidgety little thing, and he nursed her along as carefully as a mother would nurse a handicapped child.

She was a handicapped child, too, because, although she had been bred in the purple, her tiny beautiful legs never would be sturdy enough to withstand the shock of her speed. To give her a decent chance, he didn't even start her as a two-year-old.

How did he sustain himself in this period? He worked as a waiter in the kitchens around the tracks. He hustled coffee and bacon-and-eggs for other horsemen. He worked in the kitchen early in the morning; he worked in the kitchen again at noon and he worked at night. The money he earned was barely enough to keep himself and his filly.

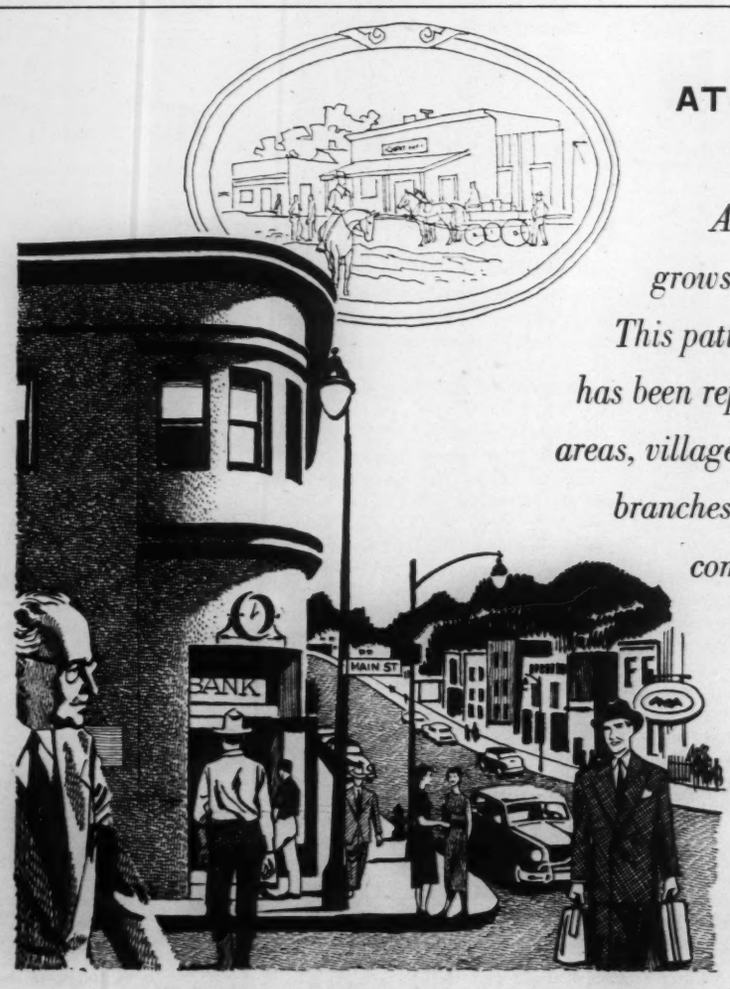
When the horses shipped from Kentucky to New York, Sam borrowed the shipping-money from other horsemen, promising to repay them from his earnings in the kitchen. Those other good horsemen staked him willingly enough but, because they liked him and respected him, they said: "Sam, why don't you get rid of that filly? She isn't worth a cigarette."

Sam repaid every debt that he incurred in the training of Sundown. While she shuffled fretfully in her stall, waiting for him to return, Sam became the best waiter any track kitchen ever has seen. Knowing Sam, the other horsemen never dared to attempt to tip him. As soon as he had wiped his hands on his apron, he was back at Sundown's stall to talk to her.

The story is that it was Benny Creech who went to him one day, when Sundown was a three-year-old, and still a non-starter and said: "Sam, let me have that filly and come to work for me. She isn't worth a cigarette but I'll give you a thousand dollars for her."

Sam wasn't insulted because he knew that Benny was trying to do him a favor. "Thanks," said Sam, "but I like her and I'll string along with her."

Of course, Sam should have used



AT A CORNER ON MAIN STREET

A community springs up and, as it grows, a branch bank opens its doors. This pattern, basic in Canada's development, has been repeated again and again in pioneer areas, villages, towns and cities. Through local branches, the chartered banks bring to small communities, as well as large, the same broad range of banking service.

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the verb "love" instead of "like."

Sorry to disappoint any of you film-writing boys, but Sundown wasn't started in any of the big three-year-old stakes. The truth of the matter is that, one morning, when Sam pulled a buck out of his pocket, gave it to the exercise boy and asked him to call on the filly for some speed, she flew over the track but she came home with a slightly bowed tendon. In polite circles, these days, we refer to a bowed tendon as a "Kentucky Rap." More often than enough, it means that a horse's racing days are ended.

But, here's the big-punch ending.

That bowed tendon wasn't the end of Sundown's career.

The best veterinary surgeon in the country went to work on Sundown and repaired that tendon. That is to say, he repaired that tendon to the limits of human skill. He said: "Sam, this little mare isn't worth a cigarette but you're a nice man. You can pay me some day when you're wealthy."

It was 5,000 or maybe 6,000 or 7,000 servings of plates of bacon-and-eggs later that Sam came out of the kitchen at Juarez, Mexico, and saddled Sundown for her first race.

Every race-tracker in the country knew the story by then and, although many believe that race-trackers are tough characters, they bet on every other horse in the race so that Sam would have a nice price. He did, too, because Sundown went off at 20-to-1.

It was a story that the motion pictures would have loved. Sundown was five lengths in front when they turned for home. Sam was right down in the winner's circle and, maybe, he was praying a little.

It was at the furlong-pole that it happened. That bowed tendon simply went to pieces.

They say that you could hear that tendon "pop" and you could hear Sam's heart break in unison. But, Sundown was no ordinary filly. She knew that Sam was waiting for her and I guess that, even from that distance, he could see her agonized face.

Well, Sundown was a thoroughbred and she kept on running. She kept on running on three legs. She ducked her little head and she fought it out with one leg as useless as a bird's broken wing. She fought her way across the finish-line and then she pulled herself up, whimpering with pain.

The judges, who probably went to their graves regretting the fact that their eyesight was too good and another horse had beaten her by nearly a full length, placed her second.

You see, it's at this point that it becomes necessary for me to deviate from a Hollywood script, because I have heard the story twice and I met Sam when he was an old man.

I was sitting outside a barn, with a group, just after dusk one night when a friend of mine, who turned to the man on my right, said, "Sam, did you ever own a mare named Sundown?"

"Yes," replied Sundown Sam. "I owned her. It was a long time ago, though. She wasn't worth this cigarette."

A cigarette, its end glittering in the gloom, flipped through the air. It hit the ground, glowed briefly and died.

JIM COLEMAN

This Wicked World

Policemen raided a moonshine still in the basement of the First Baptist Church at Laurel, Miss. The janitor had attached the illicit distillery to the church furnace.

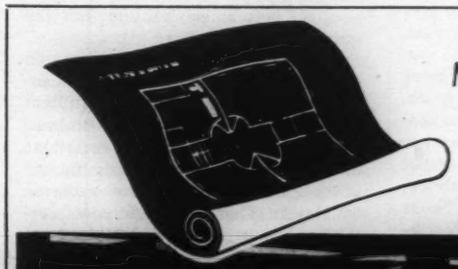
A lone bandit walked into the Civil Loan Company office at Linden, NJ, handed co-owner Sidney Benson a paper bag on which was written, "Give me all the money you have," and walked out a few minutes later with $1800. Mr. Benson, who was alone at the time, said that a few minutes earlier the man had appeared in the office for a loan of $300 and had been refused because he had no security or credentials.

Norman Beake, 18-year-old soldier, was charged by Bristol, England, police with breaking into a candy store and eating six pounds of chocolate. "I was hungry," he explained.

The vicar of Ripley, Surrey, England, complained in his church magazine that a prayerbook and a lawn mower had disappeared from the church. He asked: "Can anyone clear up these mysteries?"

Leandro Casado was arrested at Avila, Spain and charged with gathering wool, using the mattress of his hotel bedroom as the source. Police said Casado had walked out of an hotel with wool packed in two suitcases; he had stuffed the mattress with paper.

In a robbery at a downtown hotel in Knoxville, Tenn., the thief walked off with the hotel's $590 without bothering to take it out of the cash register.



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Music

On Swinging the Classics

BOTH THE CLASSICISTS and the jazzmen are now together on at least one point. As a result of my remarks on Mezz Mezzrow, it is now generally agreed that I am a tone-deaf blackguard, partly because I pay any attention to jazz, and partly because I pay any attention to anything else. I find among my correspondence expressions of good will varying from "sensuous ape" to "intellectual snob". It is, of course, very satisfactory that there should be something to hold together the world of jazz and the world of classical music. Just as Toronto makes its unique contribution to Canadian unity by acting as a centre of vilification, so I am willing to do my bit as the despised of all despisers. With this in mind, I therefore extract another worm-eaten apple of discord from my scrawny granary: the question of swinging the classics.

At once this widens the field, for those who follow orthodoxy in jazz confine their musical improvisations often to very narrow limits, and just as a fourteenth century motet writer might turn out dozens of works on the single tenor *In seculum*, so a jazz group will lovingly work over *How High the Moon*, or *Honeysuckle Rose*. So swinging the classics is not really a feature of pure jazz. Nor can many of the works transcribed for dance bands be seriously regarded as classics. Rubinstein's *Melody in F*, for instance, or Ethelbert Nevin's atrocious *Narcissus* are often labelled classics on juke-boxes; but this is a charity which I cannot compass. Somebody once told Lamb that Wordsworth had confessed to being a very wild sort of fellow in his youth, even engaging in bouts of drunkenness. The confidant appeared very upset by these intimations of immorality from recollections of early manhood, but Lamb reassured him. "Never mind," he said, "I am sure Wordsworth's standard of drunkenness was miserably low."

Similarly the standard of classicism is miserably low in those people who think *The Stars and Stripes For Ever* and *Zampa* are classics. But perhaps the confusion is of language, rather than of judgment. Certainly it is quite true that dance bands play music that was not originally written in their idiom. But popular music and the classics are not like verse and prose. It is not true that what is not the one must necessarily be the other. There is a vast glutinous limbo (perhaps I should call it a gumbo) of music which is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

So we are beginning to find ourselves with the proposition that dance bands often transcribe music for their own uses and texture which was written for some other use and texture. Freddie Martin uses a theme from Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto; eminent millionaire vocalists inform us that they are always chasing rainbows, courtesy of Chopin. At one time, this became so popular that a New York revue was able to include a very funny number called *Let's Pinch a Tune From Offenbach*, which took the view that Offenbach's shade was in disgrace, because nobody on Tin-Pan Alley ever composed one of his tunes. For a time, it seemed that all that was needed to be a popular composer was the complete works of everybody, and a pair of scissors. This now goes on only in moderation; but the question is still open.

Open, I should say, in the opinion of some. I must confess that I cannot see anything essentially different between Artie Shaw taking Brahms' *Cradle Song* as a basis for variations in his own style, and Brahms himself doing exactly the same for a theme by Haydn. There is a difference, certainly, but it is not a difference of essential kind. It is a difference of degree, and consists in the bald fact that Brahms is a better composer than the committee of arrangers and instrumentalists which is likely to be the means whereby a dance band number is compiled.

You certainly cannot say that the difference lies simply in imposing an alien style on a given piece of music. For centuries this has been standard musical procedure. Most of the distinguished composers have used other composers' work as a basis for sets of variations; and to have one's tune so used has usually been regarded as a compliment. But it has never been felt necessary to extend the compliment to the point of attempting an imitation of the style of the original composer. On the contrary, every effort is made to transmute the old theme into the new composer's metal. When Beethoven writes his variations on Diabelli's waltz, the transmutation is from lead to gold. When Anonymous Contemporary turns the Peter theme from *Peter and the Wolf* into *Ding-Bat, the Singing Cat*, the transmutation is the other way round.

IT IS NOT the process itself that is at fault. It is the relative merits of the people involved. There is, however, a school of thought which maintains that if you insist on playing a saxophone at all, then it is better that you should play Bach than something worse. It usually follows as a corollary that it is better to hear Bach on the saxophone than not to hear it at all. I cannot feel this myself. No transcription of this sort can hope to succeed unless in some way the borrowed music is peculiarly adapted to the new medium; unless what is done to it brings out some aspect of its essential character which has previously lain dormant and unsuspected. A good example is the use Brahms makes of his own *Cradle Song*, which turns up, suitably modified, in the first movement of his *Second Symphony*.

Too often, however, the dance band takes over music whose essential character is not sympathetic. There has been much horror expressed at the Freddie Martin-Tchaikovsky case. It seems to be perfectly suitable. The tune that he takes is not put to any real use in the Piano Concerto. It is merely stated in forthright and positive terms, and I have always felt that the rest of the music does not by any means follow logically from it. The composer has thought of a splendid tune, and he attracts our attention with it right at the beginning. And the tune is just as striking when the dance-band plays it, for in its original form, there is no need to call on Tchaikovsky's enormous virtuosity in the use of the orchestra, except in one point. This is the device of putting the tune into the orchestra, and having the piano accompany it by means of bold repeated chords; and this device can be used by the dance band.

Under no circumstances would I go as far as the President of the Bach Society of New Jersey who, in 1938, made a formal protest to the FCC against swinging Bach and other composers on the air. This is more royalist than the king, for Bach himself was an inveterate adapter. But he was greater than those he borrowed from. Other protests are made along these lines. The French Society of Composers protested against the swinging of Chopin's *Funeral March*, and in 1926 the Prefect of Police of Paris forbade the swinging of the *Marseillaise*. I look forward with morbid interest to the day when it will be necessary to forbid the swinging of *O Canada*. It conjures up a picture as dark and fascinating as that drawn by the law in some parts of the U.S. forbidding the installation of TV sets in instrument panels of automobiles.

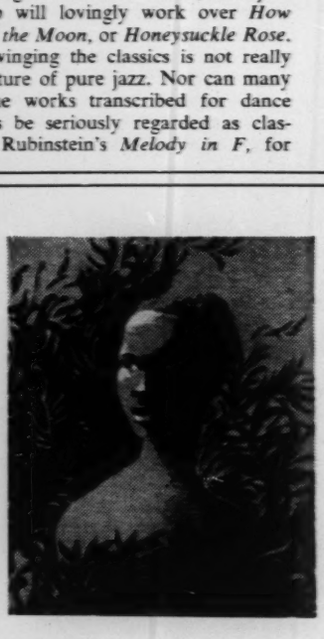
However, while accepting the general principle of musical free trade, and while acknowledging that in some cases such commerce might be eminently desirable, I am left feeling that swinging the classics is a barren and profitless undertaking, reflecting little credit as a rule on either the original work, or the judgment of the person who thought it might sound good on a dance band. This is not solely because the original composer is often so much the better, and therefore does more with the music.

There is a further point about artistic borrowings which was raised, I think, by Keats.

When you borrow a fragment to put in your own work, why do you do it? If it is to adorn your own work with another man's inspiration, then it is bad. If, on the other hand, it is done to adorn another man's work with your inspiration, then it is good.

Those who think Tin-Pan Alley's inspiration usually adorns the work of men like Chopin have a standard of adornment that is miserably low.

LISTER SINCLAIR



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Books

The Age of Autobiography

THE URGE TO TELL ALL prevails in other places than the psychoanalyst's consulting room, as a casual glance at any magazine stand will readily confirm. In a literary sense, this might be called the Age of Autobiography. What in a previous century would have been confided to the decent and discreet obscurity of the private journal is now displayed publicly in a way which would have brought a blush to the cheek of Samuel Pepys and scandalized John Evelyn. Nowadays, every man, no matter how commonplace his experience or how meagre his ability to interpret it, seems to think that the mere fact of existence makes him a fit subject for autobiography and he proceeds to write his memoirs forthwith.

The reader who has wearied of autobiography on the themes of Places I Have Been and People I Have Met or My Insecure Childhood Which Has Made Me a Misfit, has cause to be grateful to an author who illumines a period of history or gives a rich picture of a different but not too distant era. Such a book is *My Political Life* by The Rt. Hon. Leopold S. Amery.

It might as well be said at the outset that this is a book with a bias. Leopold Amery is a Conservative, an Imperialist, and a Protectionist. While you may disagree with him violently on any or all of these counts, you cannot help but admire the tenacity with which he has pursued these political aims throughout a life devoted to the service of his country and the Commonwealth.

My Political Life is sub-titled *England Before the Storm*. It deals with the period 1896-1914 and is Volume One of a projected trilogy. His purpose has been to illustrate the development and progressive modification of the ideal of the Commonwealth of Nations. He sees in it a model for the political structure of the world. There are few men better qualified to write on this subject. It was Amery who created the Dominions' Office; it was he who worked unceasingly for the success of the Empire Conferences (the Conference of Prime Ministers, which has become a tradition of Coronation Week, was his suggestion, made first at the crowning of Edward VII); it was he who argued for preferential tariffs for Commonwealth countries. He has been, in matters concerning the Dominions and Colonies, what a political opponent called him, "the most odious and pertinacious of gadflies" in the hide of hesitant governments.

He began his career as private secretary to Richard Courtney, a man whose political beliefs were the exact opposite of his own, a fact which helped to clarify and crystallize his own political thinking. He had studied Turkish on an Imperial Institute Scholarship and while in Turkey on a holiday gathered material for articles on the political situation. These he subsequently sold to *The Manchester Guardian* and was sent by that paper to the Near East as a correspondent. He did some articles for *The Times*, too, and was asked to join their staff. He might have had a brilliant career as an editor if the Boer War had not broken out. He went to South Africa as a war correspondent for *The Times* and while there made up his mind to enter politics. His experiences in South Africa served to introduce him to colonial problems, the solution of which has been his life-long passion. The section of the book which deals with the Boer War is extremely interesting and the student of history should be grateful to him for filling in the gap between the surrender of the Boers and the granting of self-government, a period which is too often glossed over, as if the one followed automatically upon the other.

The book is enlivened with portraits of the great men of the period: Deakin of Australia, Laurier of Canada, Botha and Smuts of South Africa, and Milner, Joseph Chamberlain, Balfour, Lloyd George, and the young Churchill of the Imperial Government. It is made duller than need be by the inclusion of too many reports and speeches which, if they do nothing else, however, must stand as a testimony to the workings of the Conservative mind, and conversely, to the crusading spirit.

ANOTHER crusading spirit is revealed in Robert St. John's autobiography, *This Was My World*. This is an intensely personal account of the making of a first-class reporter. Amery saw the newspaper as "a stabilizer of truth"; St. John sees it as a moving, creative force. Both men have been foreign correspondents, but this fact and the single-minded, tenacious way in which each has pursued an ideal is the only similarity between them.

Robert St. John is an American, born in Chicago. His father was a hard-working chemist who owned a drug-store in a slum area. He died when St. John was still a boy and the lad, imbued with the ideals of hard work and service which his father had instilled by precept and example, undertook the partial support of the family and the continuance of his own education.

His part-time jobs invariably included one or two in some way connected with a newspaper, and when he was expelled from college because of trouble over the censorship of articles he had contributed to the local press, he got a job as a reporter on a suburban paper. This was in the twenties, when Chicago was "the city of the era . . . two-fisted and

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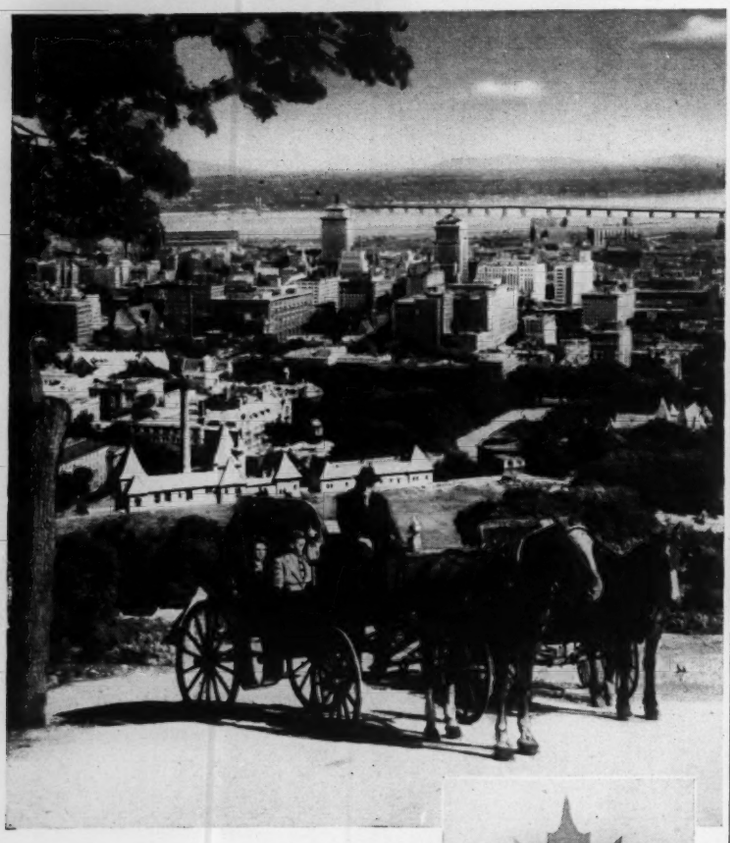

Canada has many colorful, exciting cities that are fun to visit. You'll enjoy seeing cosmopolitan Montreal (above), Ottawa, Canada's Capital, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), Niagara Falls, romantic Quebec, the great seaports of Halifax and Saint John, historic Charlottetown, and St. John's, Newfoundland, oldest city on the continent. Full details from any Canadian National office. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

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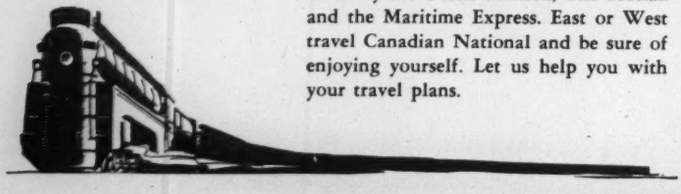

rowdy, hard-drinking and pugnacious . . . vibrant and violent, stimulating and ruthless, intolerant of smugness, impatient with those either physically or intellectually timid." Carl Sandburg, Ernest Hemingway and Ben Hecht were among those who made its literary fame and served as models to an ambitious young man who wanted to write.

When he was twenty-four, St. John and a friend undertook to publish a paper in Cicero, another suburb, and a quiet, law-abiding place until the Capone gang moved in. Their paper, which was outspoken in its condemnation of the organized vice which mob rule shortly established, had a difficult time of it. This is the best section of the book; it is packed with incident and lit up with the fire of St. John's anger at the sordidness and brutality he tried to fight. He was no match for Capone, who had his own methods of dealing with a young editor who dared to criticize. With two policemen looking on, St. John was beaten and left for dead outside his office. When he recovered enough to go back to work, he found himself an editor without a paper; the Capones had purchased it. He took the first job which offered at a distance from Chicago and settled down in Rutland, Vermont.

Here his editorial battles were confined to fighting it out with a press which broke down regularly and inopportunely, and with rural correspondents who wrote columns of trivialities. After Chicago, this was a little dull. New York, "the reporter's paradise," beckoned. There he worked for the Associated Press, picking his own assignments and writing about the city and its people. He covered all sorts of stories from the trial and execution of Two-Gun Crowley to the first presidential campaign of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

But he had not written the book he knew he must write, and he felt that to do it he would have to go back to Vermont and a quiet rural life. Accordingly, he and his wife bought a farm and left the city. The book, however, failed to get written; there were too many roofs to mend and chickens to feed. For a time he turned wood-carver, submerging his literary ambitions in filling note-books about the life and the people.

In the summer of 1939, convinced that war was going to break out and that he wanted to be there to cover it, he left for Europe, taking *Mein Kampf* and Machiavelli's *The Prince* as ship-board reading. (These books had been recommended to him by a friend as the two most likely to fill the gaps in his knowledge of world affairs created by his rural idyll.) The story ends at that point. Most readers will be able to supply the next phase for themselves; his despatches and broadcasts during the war made him well known. He tells his story in a reporter's style; its main interest is the picture it gives of a hard-working, idealistic young man set against the tough Twenties and Thirties of this century.

The third book under review, *Two Studies in Virtue*, by Christopher Sykes, is not an autobiography, nor in the strict sense of the word, a biography. It consists of two long essays, one on the growth of Zionism and the other an analysis of Richard Sibthorp, the Victorian forerunner of Newman, who changed his religion between the Anglican faith and Roman Catholicism no less than five times. It speaks well for Mr. Sykes that he is able not only to write about Sibthorp without making him appear ludicrous, but to establish a sort of unity between such disparate themes as Catholicism and Zionism.

The book is well written. Mr. Sykes is a master of analysis and synthesis; he writes with economy and style; he has the knack of penetrating into the motives of his troubled Victorian priest as well as into those of the oddly assorted group, both Gentile and Jew, who worked for the Zionist cause. The book has a certain affinity with the Amery story, for Sir Mark Sykes, the author's father and the man who was given the job of making the Balfour Declaration work, was a friend of Leopold Amery. They had worked together in the Near East in the early days of their careers, and Amery gives a vivid sketch of him which bears out the son's description. It is interesting to compare the precise, concise summations which Sykes gives of people like Balfour and Lloyd George with the lengthy, but no less penetrating, account which Amery gives.

There is a link with St. John's book, too, for Robert St. John has been a sympathetic and tireless interpreter of Zionism to America. Sykes gives a brilliant analysis of the historical basis of anti-Semitism; St. John's book provides the case histories to illustrate the theory of the development of race hatred so ably advanced in Sykes's second essay.

Mr. Sykes writes with perception and discrimination. It is to be hoped that more writers of autobiography will follow the economical style he uses with such grace and skill in these two biographical essays.

FERN RAHMEL

MY POLITICAL LIFE—by The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H.—pp. 466, indexed and illustrated—*McGraw-Hill*—$5.50.

THIS WAS MY WORLD—by Robert St. John—380 pages, indexed—*Doubleday*—$4.50.

TWO STUDIES IN VIRTUE—by Christopher Sykes—pp. 256, illustrated and indexed—*Collins*—$3.25.

In Brief

THE BROADER WAY: A Woman's Life in the New Japan—by Sumie Seo Mishima—pp. 247—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

An American-educated Japanese woman endeavors to give the Western mind important clues for understanding Japanese behavior on the level of everyday living. Mrs. Mishima asks for patience and wisdom from the West in judging the confusion which has resulted from the grafting of democratic laws on a society that, for centuries of isolation, adhered to the principle of the total suppression of basic human rights and the sacrifice of the individual to the whole.

This description of Japanese life from 1928 to the present post-occupation period is made mostly in terms of the author's family and friends and

of her daily activities. Though its style is unleavened with wit or grace, this book has a communication to make to those who are interested in self-preservation.

AMERICAN VANGUARD, 1953: Short Stories, Sketches, Novels in progress and Poetry by young American writers from the Writers' Workshop of the New School for Social Research — Edited by Charles I. Glicksberg and Brom Weber—pp. 307 and biographical sketches—*Longmans, Green*—$4.50.

No one who reads the explanatory sub-title will be surprised to discover that much of this book could pass as the work of one author. Most of the subjects and characters are "social problems." More than a touch of pathos is provided by the grouping of the stories under such headings as "The Disenchantments and Paradoxes of Love", "The Pathos of the Aged", "The Springtime of Life," "Lost Souls," "As Flies to Wanton Boys Are We To The Gods," and "The Creative Necessity."

There is no special justification for the title "Vanguard," for this collection of stories is compounded of Wolfe, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and magazine influences in about equal parts, and the poems are in no way remarkable. On the other hand, there is nothing bad about them, since their chief fault is that they disappoint one's expectancy of originality hinted at, if not promised. The volume is worth the price to those who enjoy the stories in the better "slicks."

I STILL HAVEN'T UNPACKED: Further Chapters in Autobiography—by William Holt—pp. 240—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.00.

Mr. Holt left school at thirteen to earn his living as a weaver in his native Yorkshire. This was merely the beginning of his education, for he was book-hungry and travel-hungry and had the endurance and the good fortune to satisfy both hungers.

During the Second World War, William Holt was a successful and popular broadcaster on the BBC. A good part of this book is the story of his assignment to describe, for reasons of pride and propaganda, the people of London and the workers of England under the stress of the "Blitz" to the rest of the world. Mr. Holt has a talent for understanding and describing people and his excellent reporting gives some memorable glimpses of war-time London.

Mr. Holt the autobiographer is, however, less successful than Mr. Holt the reporter. Less self-admiration and sentimentality and more reticence about his family would have made a better book.

TOGETHER WE WANDERED—by C. J. Lambert pp. 248, illustrated—*Clarke, Irwin*—$4.00.

Mr. Lambert has inherited the habit of globe-trotting from past generations of his family. He recollects for us walks in Panama, wrestling bouts in Japan, adventures in the Andes, exotic flora and fauna—his recollections spiced with personal anecdote and racy legend. But the result is a travel book which will please only the most lethargic of present-day armchair travellers. There is something inexpressively quaint about the account of aimless journeys made before the Second World War imposed upon us its Satanic sophistication.

Mr. Lambert has enjoyed rare opportunities. His recorded reactions to these opportunities are of the most unfailing and depressing banality.

BAMBOO—by Robert O. Bowen—pp. 267—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.50.

An American sailor tries to purge his past out of his soul on a thirty-day shore-leave in Manila. Despite much excellence in the telling, the story does not involve the reader's interest as it should—not nearly as much as, for example, Somerset Maugham's different treatment of a similar theme in such stories as *The Pool* or *The Force of Circumstance*. The most obvious reason may be the right one. You do not really care for Maugham's characters, but their dilemma reveals some of the subtleties which involve the human spirit faced with the problem of miscegenation. You do not care for Bowen's hero either, and, since the plot is dealt with in terms of his unattractive ego, there is nothing left for the reader but profound indifference.

THE SPECTACLE—by Rayne Kruger—pp. 256—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

The spectacle is the conduct of a trial for murder in London's Old Bailey, a public ritual drama of life and death. From the beginning the murderer's identity is not concealed, and the considerable interest and suspense of the story and its surprising

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resolution depend solely on the skilful unveiling of the central character.

But this novel is more than a literary *tour de force*. The characters live roundly in their London scene and have some interesting things to say about life in general.

THE DARK ANGEL—by Mika Waltari, translated by Naomi Walford—pp. 374—*Thomas Allen*—$4.00.

Anna Notaras was a noble Greek; John Angelos was a noble Latin. The story of their heritage, love, and deaths parallels the historical background of Christianity divided and the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453. Derring-do is described with brilliant flamboyance, and lusty living tries to out-pace Death the Reaper, without forgetting Heaven and Hell to come.

Historical fiction written with imaginative integrity.

FIRES IN THE DISTANCE—by James Courage pp. 239—*Longmans, Green*—$2.75.

All the members of an emotionally starved and ingrown New Zealand settler's family grasp possessively at an unexpected visitor to their lonely station, and, through him, try to fashion their own renewal. Although this novel has some of the faults of immaturity, the setting and the problem posed are of some interest to Canadians.

THE CHIEFTAIN—by Robert Payne—pp. 312—*McLeod*—$4.35.

"Lo, the poor Indian!"—this time the Nez Percé Indians driven from their valley home in Oregon by the U.S. Army about 1870. A well-told Wild-Western, with rocks and wigwams to take the place of bedrooms.

THE APPRENTICE—by Joseph Tomelty—pp. 264—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

An Irish story neither sentimental nor whimsical. The gentle, absorbing tale of Frankie, an adolescent orphan who embarks on the workaday world in Belfast with its confusion of cruelty and kindness, bigotry and scepticism. One semi-detached character, Simon, remarks to Frankie:

"Fifty years of atheism is what Ireland needs, just fifty years of it."

THE LILIES AND THE BEES—by Edward Grierson—pp. 286—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

Lilies for Bourbons, Bees for Bonapartists. An innocuous recipe of Dumas and Orczy ingredients, rather lacking in their magical flavor, but good enough for pastime.

M. A. H.

• •

Now Look Here!

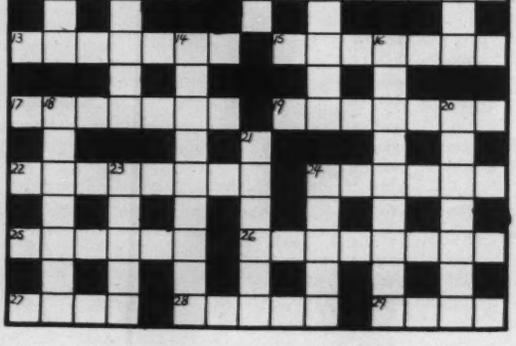
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Of this Gog gave a little less, Magog a little more. (4)
4. She makes a daily appearance in Sheridan's play. (5)
7. Eugene sounds in the money as a Canadian conductor. (4)
9. Distracted, he goes under water to get dry. (8)
10. It was unlike Charon to drop this from his ferry. (6)
11, 26. Wee wee? (6, 2, 6)
12. It isn't child's play to find thirty-two on board. (8)
13. Goes in a roundabout way to suffer. (7)
15. He pedals to work. (7)
17. Press it, stubbornly of course. (7)
19. Cockeyed like one of five. (7)
22. In which the combatants should be courteous to each other? (5, 3)
24. Is the Dalmation because he's a dirty dog? (6)
25. He's fitter for the crown than most people. (6)
26. See 11
27. "Migawd, what thunder!" said the Scandinavian. (4)
28. Can't finish, yet it's barely enough. (5)
29. When too hasty it isn't 24 across. (4)

DOWN

2. The light of the pole-star. (7)
3. Nowadays one of them sounds high. (9)
4. Ethel is past forgetting. (5)
5. Figure out a-way to get Mussolini. (6)
6. I seem a cad to go to them. (9)
7. One of these in the pants Is disturbing to ants. (5)
8. Musts for the farmer, busts for the bride. (7)
14. To the Land of the Rising Sun? (9)
16. True, Peron may seem an insect to biologists. (9)
18. Made by one whose grave words cut deep. (7)
20. Avoid these lest ten sting you. (7)
21. But Lady Macbeth didn't find its perfumes to hand. (6)
23. Surprisingly one shouldn't be exactly inert before they do this to one. (5)
24. The personality of Dr. Jekyll. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Out of the way
9. Andiron
10. Impasse
11. Toy soldier
12. Meal
14. Lot
16. Lays
17. Shadow
18. Plains
19. Esme
21. Yea
23. Owns
24. Dining room
28. Euterpe
29. Foggier
30. 1 down. Pass the time of day

DOWN

1. See 30
2. Torso
3. Fine day
4. See 16 down
5. Wipe
6. Yesterday
7. Pay telephones
8. Yellowhammers
13. Shoe
15. Train stop
16, 4. Longhaired
20. Sniffle
22. Direct
25. Gigli
26. Olive
27. Arts

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Business

"Copper, Gentlemen, Copper"

By HAROLD WINCOTT

LONDON—At 12.15 on the morning of August 5, to the traditional call of "Copper, gentlemen, copper," the London Metal Exchange once more dealt in the metal, after a lapse of nearly 14 years. Tin, lead and zinc had already been freed. Copper, the base metal with the biggest dollar "content", inevitably came last to freedom. Its entry was as dramatic as that of any prima donna. Nearly three months intervened between the announcement that free dealings would be permitted and the actual commencement of those dealings.

The interval was filled with much head-scratching and conjecture as to the price at which free dealings would commence. In an article in the June 13 issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, I recorded the then current guess that the free market would open around £200 a ton (25 cents a lb.) against the previous controlled price of £252. (The two prices are not strictly comparable, for technical reasons but the comparison is, broadly, fair enough.) It is nice to be able to record that that prophecy was pretty close to the mark; at the end of the first day's dealings, cash copper was £210 buyers, £212.10s. sellers; three months' metal £196 buyers, £198 sellers.

Honesty, however, compels me to admit that there was almost universal surprise that the opening levels were so low. In the waiting period, consumers had lived from hand-to-mouth, on stocks, in the certain knowledge that there would be *some* fall from the pegged, official price as soon as free dealings started.

Quotations for spot copper in Europe just before London began dealing had ranged around £240 a ton. The American Smelting & Refining Company, one of the customs smelters, was quoting 28½ cents a lb. (just under £230 a ton), with the three big United States producers sticking to their 30 cents (equal to £240 a ton) quotation. In the circumstances, it was not unreasonable to expect the free market in London to open, say, £30 a ton higher than it did.

The opening prices will have been very welcome to a wide range of British industries, and indeed the increased competition they are now meeting in world markets may well explain the lack of any rush to buy the metal. But the British Government must regard £200 copper with mixed feelings. It is sitting on a stock of 240,000 tons of the metal, bought at prices a good deal higher than those now ruling, and has a paper loss at the moment running into tens of millions of pounds. To what extent this paper loss becomes a real loss only the future can tell. The government broker sat silent on the first day's dealings and didn't sell an ounce.

A week before dealings commenced, the government announced its plans for disposing of its stocks. It intends to sell only enough copper to keep the distribution system full from producers to merchants and consumers, a process which it has estimated will entail the release of 60,000 tons of copper. If it should be necessary to release more to keep industry going, this will be done; otherwise, the balance of stocks is expected to be transferred to the strategic stockpile. But the very existence of this big government holding isn't calculated to help the price and it would be surprising if at the end of the day the government—or more properly, the taxpayer—didn't have to foot a substantial loss. Altogether, the episode provides a pretty illustration of the dangers and difficulties of government trading — an illustration which the British Press has been using to needle planners rather sharply.

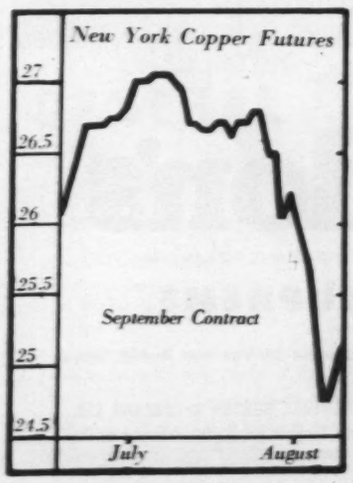
Actually, sentiment in London towards copper at the moment doesn't seem to be too bearish. There are unknowns, of course—and they are big unknowns. There is the old uncertainty about the trend of industrial activity in the United States over the next twelve months. There is the uncertainty over the attitude of the Chilean Government, for if that government were to press sales of stocks, the metal could go below present prices. It may be significant that Washington has recently reported that Chile is anxious to sell in bulk 65,000 tons of the metal now in her hands. The U.S. Government, however, would need time to consider the question before it could agree to any purchase for stockpiling.

There are more cheerful factors, however. Demand is at present seasonally low and is likely to increase in the autumn. It remains as true as ever it was that stocks in consumers' hands must have been run down heavily this summer, and the market should become technically stronger once stocks begin to be built up again, however cautiously. The "backwardation" — the discount at which three months' metal is quoted below the spot price—is substantial but is actually less than might have been expected, and this suggests that the market started straightaway on a reasonable working basis. In any case, London representatives of the Rhodesian producers have gone on record with the statement that a price of £200 still leaves "a large profit margin" for Rhodesia's mines, and in their opinion the price under bulk buying was "far too high." With consumers and manufacturers happy, and the producers seemingly not unduly worried, the British economy, can welcome this new experiment in freedom.

•

Embarrassed by a 65,000 ton surplus of high priced copper the Goernment of Chile recently slashed its asking price from 36½ cents a pound to the prevailing world price and offered it to the U.S. stockpile.

The U.S. Government has not indicated yet whether it will accept this tonnage and the threat of this quantity being dumped on the world markets has weakened bids for copper, as the chart shows.



Real Estate

WHAT'S THE STATE of real estate? According to the realtors themselves, it was rarely better. All across the country, like migrating swallows, house hunters are looking over old and new houses and tramping round bull-dozed lots in the suburbs.

Most, but by no means all, are young couples jogged by space limitations and prospering optimism into seeking a home of their own. Some can scarcely scrape up the down payment and they may have to stop running their car to pay off the mortgage but there's the gleam of possession in their eyes.

At the request of SATURDAY NIGHT, the Canadian Association of Real Estate Boards recently questioned its members across the country about business developments. The trade's answers are fairly consistent from province to province: prices are in general higher than they were a couple of years ago (Quebec is the sole exception) and there is a certain amount of difficulty in selling some of the older and larger houses.

The trend today—as it has been for some years — is for a gradual movement out of the cities into the country and, in the view of most realtors, the people who do have the money are prepared to pay high prices for the houses they want.

What the latter want, in most cases, is a modern, three or four-bedroomed bungalow or cottage, with garden and heated garage, in a new district. For those who can afford them, the one-storey "ranch style" houses are popular—particularly in the West.

In the United States there have been some suggestions that prices are dropping due to tighter credit and the fact that accelerated postwar building has gone most of the way to supplying a house for everyone who wants one. But the situation is not the same in Canada, where only recently the National House Builders Association was bemoaning the fact that this country's existing credit structure was hardly capable of financing 100,000 houses per year, much less the minimum of 125,000 needed. (Last year 76,000 houses were built in Canada).

The scattered complaints that real estate men make are at variance with each other and are largely territorial. At Ottawa, for example, a dealer says that plenty of houses on the market are causing buyers to be more discriminating and to shop around before they buy. At fast-growing Sarnia, on the other hand, a realtor claims there aren't enough of the houses being built that people want—a situation that the recent tornado did nothing to improve.

A Regina real estate dealer is troubled by "the preponderance of owners attempting to sell their own properties"; at bustling Calgary, where house agents are being rushed off their feet, there's the disquieting factor of lack of serviced land. Calgary's oil kings apparently don't want the large, grey houses in which their grandfathers entertained. Like so many others, the Western realtors report, Calgary house hunters are looking for trim, modern bungalows.

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United States Steel

WOULD YOU *consider United States Steel a good long term investment at this time, or do you think purchase should be deferred in expectation of lower prices? — S.H.M., Montreal.*

At 37 7/8 U.S. Steel is close to the 1951-52 lows of 37 1/8 and 37 1/4, and on the present dividend rate of $3.00 provides a yield of 7.9%. Despite good earnings, the stock has moved in a narrow range between 37 1/8 and 44 1/8 for nearly 18 months. The slow approach of the buyers' market in steel has apparently limited investor enthusiasm over this period.

With the interruption of considerable automobile production, caused by the disastrous fire at General Motors' automatic transmission plant at Livonia, Mich., it seems possible that the delicate balance that now exists between steel supply and demand will be upset. Automotive steels are one of the few categories that remain in fairly tight supply.

As automobiles have lately been taking some 20% of total steel production, this forced cutback in demand, plus the cutbacks in military production, can easily tip the balance to oversupply much sooner than expected.

The stock market, in its decline to 275.71 and 104.70, as measured by the Dow Jones Industrial and Rail Averages, is apparently taking recognition of this possibility.

From the chart of U.S. Steel, it is evident that long-term distribution has been a constant depressant on the stock since the high of 47 3/4 was recorded in 1951. Should the present support level near 37 be broken, it is estimated that the price could decline to about 31. At this price the stock would appear to be a buy.

Canadian Locomotive

SEVERAL YEARS *ago I bought some Canadian Locomotive Company Ltd., at $32 per share; it has fallen steadily, and is now offered at $16 to $17 per share. Could you tell me if this stock is worth hanging on to? I hate to sell at a loss, but there have not been many dividends for the last two years.—G.H.M., Winnipeg.*

The difficulties of conversion from steam to diesel locomotive production have been great. Losses of $1,707,631 in 1952 and $1,569,535 in 1951 were incurred, and these have placed the company in a rather strained financial position. Working capital dropped from $3,611,298 to $1,587,084 at the end of 1952 while inventories increased from $1,068,503 to $3,213,923. Current liabilities also increased, mainly as a result of bank loans and overdrafts of $4,081,190, from $845,656 to $5,738,407.

The one bright spot in the rather gloomy picture presented by the balance sheet was the increase in accounts receivable to $2,198,277 from $450,038.

With production difficulties apparently lessening, a profit was reported by the company on the first four month's operations of this year. It would appear that the annual report for 1953 will show an improvement in the financial picture.

The resumption of dividends will likely be deferred until the financial ratios indicated by the excess of inventory and debt over working capital are brought into line. Considering the loss involved, it would appear worth holding the stock in the expectation that a return to profitable operation will induce a market recovery, possibly to around 23.

Pitch Ore Uranium

I WOULD *appreciate an opinion on Pitch Ore Uranium Mines. I was misguided enough to buy some stock at 79 cents. Would you advise averaging down?—W. E. H., Dartmouth, NS.*

Averaging down on speculative issues is seldom good tactics and it cannot be recommended here. With 2,978,005 of the 3 million shares authorized now issued, it is evident that future market action will be strictly dependent upon developments at the property. Reports show 8,700 tons of ore grading 0.071 to 0.1% uranium so far, but whether an extensive commercial ore body can be developed is a question that only time and extensive development work can aswer.

Despite all the hoop-la that has been going on about uranium, we are inclining more and more to the belief that uranium is about as common as clay. By-product uranium is being produced from Vanadium operations in Colorado and gold mining in South Africa, where the U.S. Government is spending some $500 million for recovery plants. From the speedy rate of discovery with which uranium is being found all over the world it seems time to wonder just how long it will be before competition forces out the marginal operations.

Tetra Uranium

I RECENTLY BOUGHT *shares in Tetra Uranium Mines. I would like your opinion on the future of this stock.—H. M. L., Roberts Creek, BC.*

As only limited exploration work and no diamond drilling has been done on this property, it is impossible to make any estimate as to its future.

With options on three blocks of stock of 200,000 shares at 15, 20 and 25 cents and two blocks of 100,000 at 30 and 40 cents having been taken by an underwriter, it seems evident that market activity has been the pro-

duct of the efforts of the underwriters to market stock.

At this stage the stock must be considered a risky speculation and the taking of quick profits is advised.

Nesbitt Labine Uranium

WILL YOU *kindly give me your opinion of Nesbitt Labine Uranium Mines? I bought stock at $3.80 and some at $2.25.—M. P., Guelph, Ont.*

With 3.5 million of the 4 million share capitalization issued, it is apparent that distribution of this stock is almost completed. No options remain outstanding.

From the market action of the stock it appears that the long decline from $4.50 has been halted by support under the $2 mark. Recovery beyond $2.65 would appear difficult, but on good news an advance could extend to about $3.25.

Empire Petroleums

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information on Empire Petroleums Ltd.? I understand they have large holdings in the Peace River section of Alberta. —N. A. W., Calgary*

Empire holds a 3¾% interest in 8,960 acres and a 5% interest in 11,000 acres in the Fort St. John area, a 10% interest in 195,840 acres at Pine River and a 3¾% interest in three wells in the Fort St. John area. In addition, Empire has an interest in three oil wells and one gas well at Princess, a gas well at Spedden and a 1/5 interest in Sturdie Propane, besides other minority interests. As no annual report is available, it is impossible to make any estimate of this company. It does not appear to be an attractive investment, due to the company's small size.

Canadian Devonian

I WOULD LIKE *your opinion on Canadian Devonian Petroleums Ltd.—C. A. C., West Summerfield, BC.*

With total assets of $2,222,288, which included working capital of $382,012 and the 50% interest in the acreage in Oklahoma, where five producing wells have been developed, Canadian Devonian at 76 cents is selling about in line with estimated value.

Production income from the five wells is estimated by the company to be approximately $9,000 per month and this income should permit continued exploration and development work.

It appears that the stock is now in buying range.

Fargo Oils

RECENTLY *I purchased shares of Fargo Oils Ltd. at $2.60. Do you consider this stock a good speculation?—J.F.S., Toronto.*

Considering that comparison of the assets of $2,239,630 to the 4,000,145 shares issued shows total assets per share of 55 cents. Fargo appears to be very much of a speculation at your price.

From the market action of the stock, where a move from 80 to 3.25 was followed by weeks of narrow action between 2.70 and 3.10 and an abrupt spill to 2.05, it seems that the recent, short lived, recovery to 2.55 was caused mainly by short covering.

The entire chart pattern shows extensive distribution has been under way and a recovery beyond 2.75 appears very difficult. All factors considered, the stock appears to be a short sale on a rally above 2.50. Oil reserves are apparently limited, crude sales in 1952 amounted to $24,238, and the entire play is predicated upon the Peace River gas area where some 3 million acres are held. Even if the Westcoast Transmission Line is approved the company must still discover sufficient gas reserves to quadruple total assets if the present price it to be justified.

Monarch Oils

I HAVE INVESTED *savings in Monarch Oils Ltd. Please tell me what is happening to that company?—N.A., Montreal*

Monarch owns one small oil well in the Barons area of Alberta plus leases on 4,000 acres at West Pigeon Lake where a test well was abandoned, and a 25% interest in a well in the Acheson area.

With total assets shown at $447,726, or 23 cents per share on the 2 million outstanding, and working capital of $205,000, the prospects for this company do not appear to be too bright. A switch into a larger company with large working capital and oil reserves is recommended.

Candoo Metals

WE HAVE SOME *shares in Candoo Metals and Oils Ltd. Could you tell us if they are any good?—N. M., Victoria, BC.*

Candoo must be rated as a "hoping" prospect. Some work is under way at the Jahala Lake claims, where a preliminary scintillometer survey is being made for uranium, but results are unknown. With the market anything but receptive to mining stocks, the stock presently quoted "no bid", and no news since last April, it appears that your question must be answered in the negative.

In Brief

CAN YOU *tell me anything about Mineral Exploration Corp.? — M. A., Port Hope, Ont.*

No records are available.

WHAT *is your opinion of Maidstone Oils?—E. H., Brighton, Ont.*

The same as the market: no bid.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Elliot Uranium?—R. C. B., Hamilton.*

A straight gamble.

WHAT SHOULD *I do with some Nordon Oil?—W. S. B., Hamilton.*

Sell it.

SHOULD *I buy, sell or hold Antone Petroleums here?—R. M. R., Toronto.*

Hold.

I HAVE *some Silver Miller. What should I do with it?—G. A. R., Toronto.*

Sell on a rally to about 1.20.

WOULD YOU *consider Parbec a buy here for an advance?—W. C., Midland, Ont.*

No.

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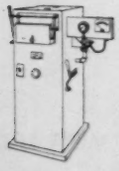

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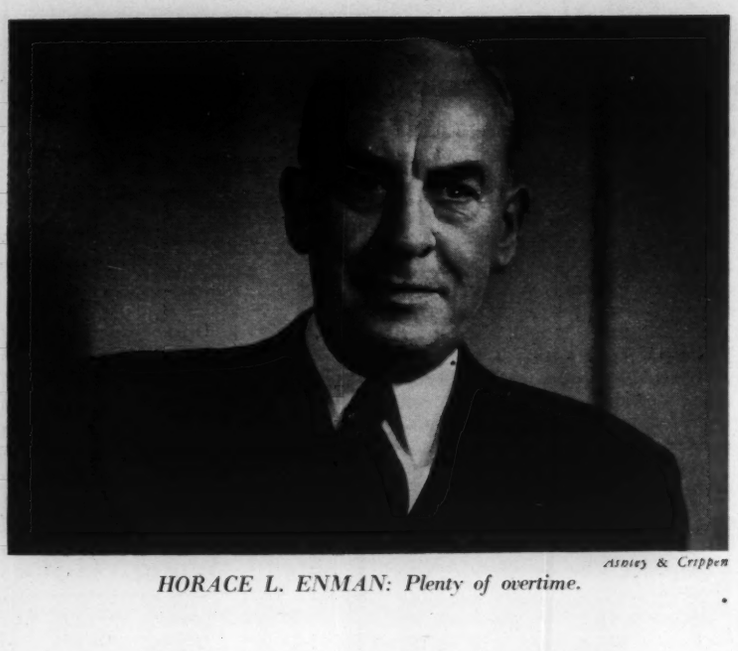

Ashley & Crippen

HORACE L. ENMAN: Plenty of overtime.

Who's Who in Business

WHEN THERE IS only one light left burning on the executive floor of the 25-storey Bank of Nova Scotia building in downtown Toronto, it usually means that Horace Luttrell Enman is still at work. Grey-haired Horace Enman is the President of the 121-year-old bank; he does not restrict himself to routine hours, because he genuinely likes work.

He thinks that half a century ago there were many more people who felt the same way than there are today. "When a youngster took on a job, that was supposed to be his main interest. If he was told by his employers to move to another branch, for example, there wasn't any argument about it—he either went or he found another employer."

In his younger days, Horace Enman moved quite often after joining the Bank of Nova Scotia, at 15, in his home town of Moncton, New Brunswick. The year 1902 found him in Halifax; two years later he joined the Metropolitan Bank in Toronto, then was back in the Nova Scotia fold when his former bank amalgamated with the Metropolitan in 1914. By 1917 he was branch manager at Calgary, and after successive posts in Toronto and Saint John he returned to the Queen City for the third time when he took over as Assistant General Manager in 1945. He was elected President in 1949, two years before the magnificent, $10 million general offices were opened in Toronto.

The 59-year-old President, a quiet, slow-speaking man, is immensely proud of the progress his bank has made from small beginnings in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and he and his fellow directors return there once a year for the annual meeting.

Today the bank has more than 370 branches throughout Canada, as well as branches in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and London, and its chief executive pays regular visits to as many of them as he can. He likes meeting people on his home ground, too, and has an unusually perceptive understanding of the jobs and businesses his customers represent.

Mr. Enman, whose photographs tend to depict him unflatteringly, usually wears dark suits and conservative ties and goes to work from his spacious home at York Mills in a black, chauffeur-driven Cadillac.

He has a good sense of humor, and a dedication to the idea that banks should really *serve* the public. In this respect he was annoyed by the new banking rule which closed down banks on Saturday mornings because he thinks the public lost more than the banks gained.

Service to Canada is another self-imposed responsibility. He acted as chairman of the Canadian Sponsoring Committee which organized a series of lectures about Canada in New York earlier this year and took his turn, with other prominent Canadians, in telling America just why he was proud of his native country.

For relaxation he plays golf and works in his garden. He has three children: 27-year-old Peter, who works for the Bank in Calgary; Elizabeth, married and living in Montreal; and Ruth, still in college. Ruth has several degrees and is studying for still more.

"Of course, she's probably wasting her time," says her father cheerfully. "Women go out and learn the darndest things and then they go and get married before they can apply all their knowledge."

JOHN WILCOCK

Topo' the World

ALUMINUM has a habit of turning up almost everywhere. But "farthest north" was reached recently, when a U.S. Air Force pilot set down his aircraft at the geographic North Pole — on a pair of aluminum skis.

Aluminum's lightness - with - strength has made it the basic material of the aircraft industry. And because aluminum is only ½ to ⅓ as heavy as other base metals, a pound of it goes a lot further. Which is one more reason why so many manufacturers of so many products have turned to aluminum to help keep their prices down. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

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82-2

West Indian Nonsense

I BELIEVE that practically all Canadians who have intimate knowledge of the British West Indies, would agree that it is sheer nonsense to talk about these scattered bits of tropical real estate joining together to become Canada's eleventh Province.

If it came to a test, it might be that the great majority of West Indians would vote for the project, if only because for them to turn it down would be like shooting Santa Claus. Of the total population of over 3 million, more than 90 percent are colored, predominantly Negro, with a low standard of living, and very low productivity except in the matter of children, which they produce in large numbers with an illegitimacy rate of 60 per cent or higher.

Social welfare benefits on the Canadian scale would be like manna from Heaven for these people. In Barbados for instance, old age pensions are equal to $3 a month in Canadian funds, and for an aged person to become eligible for the Canadian rate would simply mean that a horde of younger, able-bodied relatives would expect to be supported, and the pensioner would benefit very little, if at all.

There is no baby bonus, and the imagination boggles at the probable result of paying the people to do what they already do in such a carefree and irresponsible fashion. I have no doubt that many of the able-bodied adults would settle down to qualifying for the bonus in a big way, as their principal means of subsistence, causing a shortage of labor for sugar-planting, stevedoring and such relatively strenuous occupations.

I doubt very much if those Canadians who have written or spoken in favor of the idea, have given much thought to the obvious drawbacks from our point of view. At present it costs the British taxpayers a large sum per annum to keep these West Indian Colonies going, and there is no prospect that they will become self-supporting so far as one can see ahead.

The natural resources are small in relation to the population to be supported and numbers increase much faster than new resources can be developed. In the past 15 years or so exhaustive surveys have been made by well qualified economists and sociologists, whose reports disclose an unusual degree of unanimity to the effect that anyone seeking to improve matters here is involved in a rat race with the stork, with odds on the latter to win.

Emigration has, of course, been considered as a means of solving the problem of surplus population, but the plain truth is that no other country wants to receive them. After living here for the past seven years, I am unable to visualize them as suitable immigrants for Canada, apart from any question of race or color.

Canadians who spend a few weeks here in the winter tourist season may have the impression that there is little or no color problem. Anyone who thinks so should listen to some of the speeches made by the Negro politicians or trade union leaders, or read the editorials in some of the less dignified newspapers. It is, of course, a color problem with the difference that they outnumber the whites by about nine or ten to one, and universal suffrage gives them control of elected bodies of any kind.

SO MUCH HAS been said and written about the trade advantages that would accrue to Canada from union with the West Indies, and from which we are now debarred by the currency restrictions of the sterling area. I am convinced that the net result to Canada would be a very heavy financial burden which would tend to increase with the passage of time, so that it would be a serious drag on us, apart from the apparently insoluble sociological and political problems with which we should have to try to cope.

I have noticed that advocates of the union project usually start with the initial error of taking in too much territory. They include Bermuda, the Bahamas, British Guiana and British Honduras, whereas the people of these colonies do not regard themselves as being part of the West Indies, and oppose any idea of joining any sort of union or federation with Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, and the Leeward and Windward Islands. If all these territories were included, the total population would be 4 million or more.

If the idea of this territory or any part of it joining with Canada were seriously considered, it would not be satisfactory for the West Indians to be regarded as second-class citizens, with a much lower standard of living and social welfare. And it could not be satisfactory for Canada to provide for them on the basis of our standards when their productivity is so much lower.

Wages in the building trades here are about $1.50 a day, so that houses should be cheap, but they are not. In fact, it costs just about as much to build a house as it does in Canada, largely because the efficiency of labor is so low.

It would be naive to think that such a problem could be solved by giving them a little instruction in Canadian hustle and know-how. They do not take kindly to hustle, and have a deep-rooted dislike of labor-saving devices, on the ground that they create unemployment. As a matter of fact where large-scale unemployment is chronic, and no one knows what to do with the surplus population, one can sympathize to some extent with their mental attitude.

It would be equally naive to think that a few lectures or pamphlets on family planning could solve the problem created by the extremely irresponsible attitude of the majority of West Indian Negroes toward family life as we understand it. This problem has also been tackled by experts with little success.

They all have a deep-seated dislike of sterility, and many women as well as men dislike the tie of a legal marriage. It is not uncommon for a woman to have several children by different fathers and no social stigma seems to be involved. It is also quite common to find able-bodied men being supported by their female relatives or friends; apparently there is nothing in their code against this un-Canadian practice.

Casual visitors who notice the large numbers of people with no apparent occupation or means of support, often inquire why they could not be provided with plots of land on which to grow provisions, and incidentally be freed from the curse of idleness. The stock answer is that the crops would be stolen, which seems to be an old-established custom in these parts. I can say from first-hand experience that it is the unfortunate truth, and it is extremely difficult to cope with, short of measures that would cost far more than the crops are worth.

These comments do not apply to all West Indians, some of whom are well educated and cultured people who would be satisfactory citizens anywhere. However, to judge by the official figures of illegitimacy, and other factual information, the majority of them would not measure up to Canadian standards. It is not likely they would be assimilated readily into our way of life, to put it mildly.

So when I see that someone in the House of Commons in Ottawa has criticized the Government policy toward West Indian immigrants, I conclude that he is probably acting on incomplete information, or no information at all.

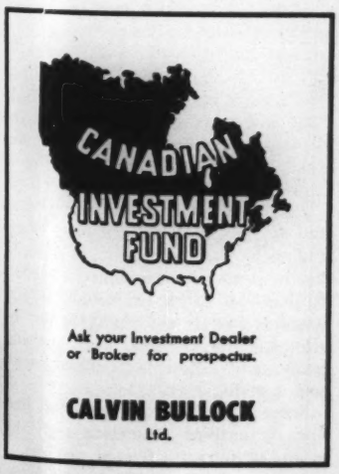
I suggest that my fellow Canadians make sure they have the facts before deciding in favor of a West Indian Eleventh Province.

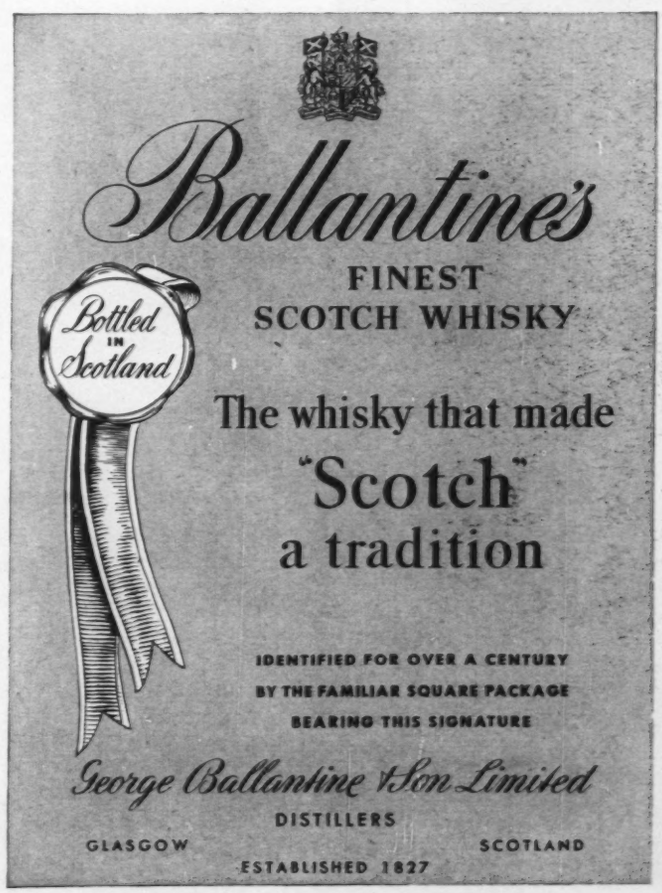
R. E. SMYTHIES

•

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's statisticians have been taking an analytical glance at the U.S. death rate over the past several years, and their conclusion is that things are getting better all the time.

"If the mortality of 1945 had prevailed in 1950—the most recent year for which complete data are available — there would have been almost 1,657,000 deaths instead of the 1,452,454 actually recorded," the company's most recent press release states cheerfully.





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Fashion

ABOUT six years ago, when skirts were very long, black hosiery was in fashion. Then it disappeared completely. But this year the movie, *Moulin Rouge*, and New York's musical, *Can-Can*, brought black stockings back into the limelight.

In fact, *Can-Can* inspired the Gotham Hosiery Company to introduce a black butterfly jacquard mesh stocking with nylon lace ruffles above the knee. It is called, of course — "Can-Can" and is available at hosiery counters this month. Gotham also has another new shade, a just-off-black, called "Bon Nuit."

Hanes Hosiery has brought out a new "Bare Black," and also a "Bare Brown" for the new brown importance in fashion clothes. They mention that both are "darkly-bare colors in barely-there stockings." They also have a dusty taupe shade, called "Dark Star." The three colors come in seamless nylon.

Dior has two new shades, too. He calls his gunmetal shade, "Deauville," and marks it for wearing with red, green, grey, black and tweeds. His rich mink brown is called "Monaco," and is to be worn with all the fashion browns, dark reds and multi-color tweeds.

Hosiery firms bemoan the fact that most women do not regard stockings as a fashion accessory. They will buy the same shade for every costume color. They are not familiar with the terms that tell them how sheer a stocking is, nor with the wearing ability of the various types. Denier refers to the weight of the thread; the higher the denier number, the heavier the weight of the thread. Gauge refers to the closeness of the stitch; the higher the gauge, the closer the stitch. Thus the sheerest stockings combine low denier with high gauge.

Another complaint from hosiery firms is that women do not know the proper length in stockings for themselves. Too often, they just ask for a certain brand and a certain weight, and take what they get.

Gotham tested the life span of an average stocking purchase and found that, in the most popular 15 denier weight, it is 18 wearings. But, by buying three pairs alike, they proved you get five times the wear of a single pair. We found, by actual usage, that washing stockings nightly in Nylast, a product of Wood Company, helped greatly in stocking longevity.

THIS Fall materials tend to have a more polished look . . . broadcloth and "wax finish" wools are replacing the nubby weaves in suits and coats. Even fuzzy coatings have a high sheen.

And in evening gowns, interest centres on the new *poult de soie*, which is a rich, soft silk with a faint rib, and in *peau de soie*, similar to *poult de soie* but lighter in weight. Many evening gowns are being made of beautiful Indian saris, so sheer and gauzy, and usually embellished with gold metallic motifs.

Some materials, too, give the illusion of a third dimension . . . by means of intricate filigree patterns.

Women

Yamada

LEATHER is in the fashion news this Fall, as part of a costume. Here is a white capeskin jacket, with high fashion detail, complete with banker's grey flannel skirt. By Morris Watkin, Toronto. Jacket, about $45; skirt, about $7.75. At Eaton's, Hudson's Bay, Morgan's, Simpson's.

Conversation Pieces:

SURELY by now everything that can be said about the Dior hemline has been said. Certainly everyone whose name has been in the news has been asked for opinions—with the possible exception of Princess Anne. The "ten best-dressed women," movie stars, fashion writers and the fashion designers in every country have all said their say. We have been told that Dior is psychic and foresees a period of loose morals, and that his higher skirts presage lower living. Women's editors—deep in summer doldrums as regards news—welcomed the Dior furore, and Holt Renfrew's turned it to good advertising account. Their buyers, Marion Foltz of Montreal and Betty MacPherson of Toronto, sent cables to their home stores which the stores reprinted in their regular newspaper advertising space. In the cables, the buyers said they had selected many Dior models and that the first reports about the short skirt length were greatly exaggerated.

This September, soprano Rosemary Burns, of Hamilton and Toronto, goes to the New York Met for a seven-week course and an audition by Rudolf Bing, on a scholarship from the Metropolitan Opera Association. This isn't her first New York venture. Some six years ago she studied at the Manhattan School of Music and won a three-year scholarship. For the last three years she has been singing opera roles in Vienna, Milan and Rome.

Margaret Johnson, assistant professor of social work, University of British Columbia, has accepted the position of chief medical-social consultant for the Territory of Alaska.

Another social service item concerns Joan Claire Fleming, daughter of the late Dr. H. R. Fleming, MP. Miss Fleming is the winner of the $1,000 scholarship given by the Catholic Women's League of Canada for post-graduate work in social service. A graduate of St. Francis Xavier University, NS, Miss Fleming is now at St. Patrick's College, Ottawa.

Patricia Anne Molyneux, of York Mills, a suburb of Toronto, was married to Dr. James Nairn Patterson Hume, of Toronto, in the same church in which her great-grandmother took her vows, St. John's Anglican Church, York Mills. And Peggy Charles, of Hawkesbury, Ont., wore her great-grandmother's veil of Rose Point lace when she married Lieut.-Cmdr. James H. Johnson, RCN.

A French girl, *Gigi*, the brain child of Colette, moved from Vancouver to Victoria last week and took a whole company with her. Totem Theatre was unable to find a suitable theatre in Vancouver (their old home was no longer available) and has transferred to Victoria, taking the last production, *Gigi*, to open the new season. And a proper touch for Victoria: tea will be served during Saturday matinees.

Weddings: Edith Carol Davies, daughter of George Victor Davies, of Windsor, Ont., to David Howard Kennedy, of Lachine, Que., son of Major-General Howard Kennedy, of Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa; Mary Joan Mackenzie, daughter of Steele C. Mackenzie, of Kitchener, Ont., to Colin William Stern, of Montreal, son of Professor Clement H. Stern, of Hamilton; Maureen Catherine Manning, daughter of Raymond Manning, CBE, Newfoundland's Deputy Minister of Public Works, to Allen Joseph Hanley, of Longueuil, Que.; Marie Louise Birkett, granddaughter of Sir Joseph Pope, Canada's first Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, to Alfredo Rolf Krapf, of Munich, Germany. The Birkett-Krapf wedding took place in New Delhi, India, where the bride was a member of the staff of the Canadian High Commissioner.

JOAN RIGBY

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NEW *watch from Switzerland, with a yellow gold case that tapers to support a high crystal. At Birks, about $450.*

CLASSIC *black pump in calf, with suede collar and gunmetal piping. Note more pointed toes and new contour-shaped heel. Marie Michèle style by Morgan's, $16.50.*

Pumps, for Toronto Morgan's

Fall Accessories

FASHIONABLE *oblong handbag in black calf, by Eros of England, $16.95. Black kid gloves, with twisted and slashed wrist, made in France, $5.95. Both obtainable at Simpson's.*

Rosebrough, for Toronto Simpson's

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Current Account

Horses, Hens and Hairy Apostles

BEING A NORTH AMERICAN, used to driving at least a hundred miles as a preliminary to any good fishing trip, I'm in a continual state of bafflement at the amount of time it takes me to get from anywhere to anywhere in Europe.

One morning last week, for example, I set out from a seaside hotel on the North Breton coast with the idea of cutting across the tip of the peninsula and down along the south shore, to sleep in Vannes, a scant 150 miles away. The roads were fine, better certainly than any I'm used to in British Columbia, the traffic mercifully light, the weather reasonable. At first I bowled along through heath and wind and loneliness, over uplands which the guidebooks refer to nostalgically as the Forest of Paimpont, because there were twelve thousand acres of good pine around once, till the natives cut them down. I stopped only now and again to stare at a crossroad Calvary or a wooden saint in a church porch—but then I came to Huelgoat, and slap into a horse fair.

You can't drive through a Breton horse fair with anything wider than a pair of shoulders, and you don't want to. I parked by a street packed with tented booths hawking just about everything from a pied cow to handmade bellows. Bypassing this, and a lane entirely filled with women selling live rabbits and dead fish, I elbowed into the church square. Here the men and the horses had taken over. Dark and horsy young men, straight out of *Wuthering Heights*, slapped peeled willow sticks against broad blue trousers. Horsy old men wearing straw-stuffed wooden sabots and cutaway vests peered with gnarled wind-reddened faces from under strange black hats and muttered stable wisdom in the soft gutturals of Celtic. And horsy horses, scores of them, clad in nothing but their own proud glistening skins, slipped and clattered on the cobblestones as horny fingers prodded their fetlocks. Proud they looked, and why not? Their ancestors had carried Napoleon's Imperial Guard, and the fighting knights of mediaeval chivalry. Even their neigh was a Gaelic pibroch. But I was going to Vannes.

So I wormed my way back to my car and drove off. A hundred yards later I came to a park with a stream flashing around great balanced boulders, and I knew I was hungry. I went back to the nearest shop and bought some bread, not Canadian bread fluffed with air and concealing anaemia under gay wax paper, but a foot a few inches from a three-foot Breton loaf, buckwheat grey and tasting like something from the old farmhouse kitchen of my lost childhood. Then I dug out my cider and cheese and sat me down on the brookside. When I drove out of Huelgoat it was two in the afternoon and I had made forty-five miles since breakfast.

I went almost another forty, with a hasty sortie into the church porch of Pleyber-Christ to regard the eleven gilded beards of its Twelve Apostles (John was too young). Then I met Job in Locronan. He had a beard too, no painted wooden appendage but good live hair, and he was alive, and doing live things. By the granite house of some long-vanished cloth-merchant, in a village square which has added only moss to its stones in the last three hundred years, Job—it is all the name he uses—has set up an open-air sculptor's studio and is calmly carving heads of saints and sinners, of village dignitaries and, if I wished, tourists like me. They were well-carved too; but I was going to Vannes—by way of the iron grillwork over the ancient well in Job's square, and the tomb of St. Ronan and the bas-reliefs and the stained-glass glories in the church across from him. It was surely only a minute when on I drove.

Six miles later there was the harbor of Douarnenez, gaudy with mackerel smacks, but I pressed ahead, or so it seemed, another two miles at least, to the tip of the Pointe du Leyde, for a view of the leafgreen sea whitening around a multitude of highly cinematic rocks. Here I discovered I was hungry again; also that it was eight p.m., and I had better look for a hotel. Vannes? I regarded my map. I had covered not quite a hundred miles in eleven hours and, since not all of them had been in the right direction, I had a hundred still to go.

I ROSE early. Vannes by noon. It was necessary. I *had* to settle down and write a novel. I set sternly off and drove 26 whole kilometres without a stop. But a kilometre is by no means a mile, and at Quimper there was a cathedral with a crooked choir, which a church tract suggests may have been arranged to symbolize Christ's neck awry on the Cross. but which looked to me very much like the result of a tiff between architects. There were also in Quimper several women walking around in foot-high lace head-dresses, and an excellent sort of pancake-café or *crêperie*, where it was necessary that I experience sugared *crêpes froments*.

And at Concarneau there was another fortified old town on an islet, like St. Malo but blessedly untouched by wars, and another harbor, even livelier and more beautiful than Douarnenez's, glittering with blue tuna boats. At Pont-Aven there was a clock which said a quarter-after-one. But there was also a park, with beeches and a mill-stream where Gauguin once sat and painted. Ah, yes, the School of Pont-Aven. It was necessary that I too sit by the river, and eat lunch, and regard the dragonflies zipping over the wild iris.

I was rolling relentlessly on, about two hours and ten miles later, with no more than a glance at a coif or a cross when, bam, I was in Quimperlé and another fair. Quimperlé, not to be confused with Quimper, certainly not that day, is a hill-warren of coiling lane-wide streets which are only really navigable, like those of most Breton villages, after ten at night when the inhabitants have faded away behind their shutters. In the middle of the afternoon, and *une foire*, there was nothing to do but haul up and enjoy the circus.

But circus is not the word, and I don't know one that would fit this Quimperlé fair. Not as horsy as Huelgoat's, it was no specialized gathering, but more like a pocket-sized combination of the CNE and the St. Lawrence Market, with religious overtones. While the fair seemed to be everywhere, its seething centre was the *Place* by the church. Here the caged ducks quacked and barkers cried plums and aprons, impassive farmers carried great white squealing pigs by their pink ears and their curly tails, and a henna-haired siren sat under a lilac tree with a crystal ball before her. Two yards away, square in front of the sculptured portal of the mediaeval church, a Fridolin character was juggling white crockery and shouting endlessly, pausing only to hurl a cup gleefully to smash on the cobblestones whenever he felt his audience sliding toward the blonde soothsayer.

And as I watched all this, a little grandma in a black dress and a tent-shaped starched coif, clopped by on her sabots, with a hen clucking in her net shopping-bag. At the sculptured portals she gave her chicken a monitory pat on the comb and slipped with it through the church door. I followed her into the high cool arbor of stone and watched as she set the bag, hen and all, before a small wooden statue of the Virgin and moved her lips in prayer. The hen made no sound, being a Quimperlé bird which no doubt saw nothing odd about this climax to a day at the fair.

Vannes? I made it, just before midnight.

EARLE BIRNEY

•

Things Missed

Fate needs a noisier trumpeter.
I may unheeding pass by treasure trove
Where sunlight pours unstinted blessings down.
Mood-wrapped, I may not hear
The quiet passing of the feet of love,
May greet my destined moment with a frown.

J. C. GROVER

Chess Problem

EXACTLY A HALF-CENTURY back the four white promotions to Queen, Rook, Bishop and Knight, were first successfully shown by F. Kohnlein in a single variation of a direct mate problem. He used the full complement of eight white Pawns, and being a four-mover it is obvious four of them had to be posted on the seventh rank:

White: K on QKt1; Bs on QB4 and KR2; Ps on QKt7, QB5, Q3, K6, K7, KB7, KKt3 and KR7. Black: K on QB6; B on QR8; Ps on QKt7 and QB3. Mate in four.

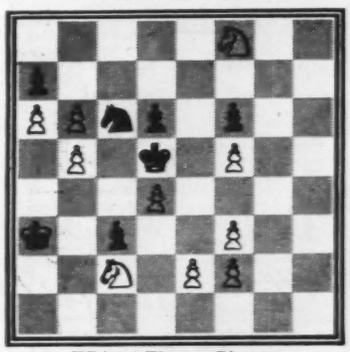
The theme variation is 1.P-B8 (Q), K-Kt5; 2.P-R8 (B), XxP; 3.P-Kt8 (R), K-Q3; 4.P-K8 (Kt) mate.

Here the promotion to a B is essential in order to answer K-R5 with 3.B-B3, which latter move would leave a stalemate if made by a second white Q. The R promotion also avoids a stalemate. The continuation after 1 . . . , K-Q7 is 2.Q-B2ch, K-B6; 3.Q-Klch and 4.B mates.

There is also the full complement of white Pawns in our diagrammed three-mover. The host of Pawns help for the puzzling ramifications:

Problem No. 28, by F. af Geijerstam.

Black—Six Pieces.



White—Eleven Pieces.

Solution of Problem No. 27

White to play and mate in three.

1.Kt-K1, threat; 2.QxBch. etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-Q3; 2.Q-R6ch, etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-R1; 2.Q-R8ch, etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-Kt2; 2.Q-QKt6, etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-Q4; 2.Q-Q4, etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-K5; 2.Q-R4ch, etc. 1.Kt-K1, B-Kt7; 2.Q-B2, etc.

A beautiful example of concurrent play, with Black action on two lines. In the quiet continuations, 2.Q-QKt6, 2.Q-Q4 and 2.Q-B2, the QB is essentially attacked by the Q, in order to meet B-R7 (defending KKt8) with 3.QxB mate. Only in the last continuation, 2.Q-B2 are two mates actually threatened. This three-mover is typical of the late Grand Rapids master's fine achievements with a few pieces. It was first published in 1899.

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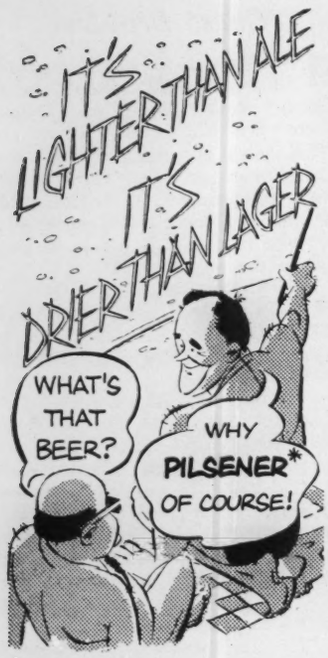

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The Backward Glance

21 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

IT SEEMS HARDLY credible that there are many thousands of people in this country who cast their votes in this month's Federal election for the first time, and who were born in the year 1932. To them, 1932 was aeons ago, but to us it is still close enough that we can remember the sights and feelings we had when we were younger than the babies of that year are today.

It was a tough year to be a baby in, at that, but as Eddie Cantor used to sing in those days, "Potatoes are cheaper, tomatoes are cheaper. Now's the time to fall in love." And plenty of young people who had cut their teeth on the souvenirs sent home from World War I, were falling in love, and getting married on weekly salaries that wouldn't take Junior and his tomato out for an evening's entertainment today.

SATURDAY NIGHT for August 27, 1932, ran a two-column picture spread on its first page, showing the German police force, the nucleus of Hitler's army, goose-stepping through the Lustgarten in Berlin. Roger Babson, the Svengali of the Stock Exchange, announced that business had turned the corner. The Prussian Government issued a manifesto against nude bathing. Canada welcomed an increase in British films. J. A. Mollison, after making the first westward crossing of the Atlantic in an aircraft, was preparing to attempt an eastward flight. Professor Auguste Piccard had ascended nearly ten and a half miles into the stratosphere in a balloon, and Gar Wood and Kaye Don were preparing to battle it out in their speedboats for the Harmsworth Trophy.

Ruth Chatterton and George Brent, who were quite the cat's pyjamas in the movies of those days, had recently been married, and Alla Nazimova had returned from a stage tour of Europe. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell were appearing in the movie *The First Year* at the Imperial Theatre in Toronto; *Radio Patrol* with Robert Armstrong and Lila Lee was playing at Shea's, plus 5 RKO vaudeville acts, starring Jack Mulhall in person. Back in 1932, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell could wring tears from the eyes of a personal loan manager, especially in that scene from *Seventh Heaven* where Farrell, the blinded French *poilu*, came back to his Marie. We gulped so much at that one that we almost swallowed a whole nickel's worth of sponge taffy, and in those days a nickel's worth of sponge taffy had to be carried out of the store in a bushel basket.

SATURDAY NIGHT didn't give any space to radio in those days, probably on the presumption that it wasn't here to stay, but 1932 was the year when radio really hit its zenith: Joe Penner and his, "Wanna buy a duck!", Eddie Cantor, the Baron Munchausen (Vas you dere, Sharley?), Burns and Allen, Count Von Luckner (not quite as funny as the Baron), Bing Crosby singing every evening at 7:30 for Primo Cigars, Rudy Vallee, Russ Columbo, Arthur Tracy "The Street Singer," and Nick Lucas and his guitar.

Late in the evening, and well into the morning, you could tune in KDKA, WLW, or WGY, Schenectady, and listen to Coon-Sanders, The Dorsey Brothers, Ohman and Arden, Cab Calloway, Abe Lyman, Duke Ellington and Isham Jones and their orchestras. The Aragon and Trianon Ballrooms in Chicago, and the Meadowbrook on the Pompton Turnpike near Cedar Grove, New Jersey were just as close to you as your 6-tube superheterodyne radio set.

And on Sundays before dressing up in your Morrison Credit Clothier's $18 suit, you sat around and listened to The Blue Coal Mysteries or The Shadow, and then you went up to stand on the corner in front of the Greek's, or into the park, jingling your twenty cents in your pocket, and calling, "Does your mother know you're out!" at the girls as they passed. Then later on the gang would gather around and you'd sing, "Everybody hand in hand, swinging down the lane . . .", or *Stars Fell On Alabama*. It was a tough year to be young in, was 1932, and yet it was lots of fun too. What have the youngsters of today got that we didn't have, except money?

Part of Canada was waiting for the sun to go into a total eclipse on Aug. 31. The Beauce Junction school commission down in Quebec passed a ruling that school teachers "must wear modest costumes of non-transparent material, buttoned to the neck with sleeves to the wrist, and the skirt no higher than eight inches from the ground." The Beauce school commission also voted to continue the salary rate for teachers of $225 per annum. Let's see, how many long flour sacks would *that* buy?

The Canada Steamship Line's *S. S. Rapids Prince*, running the rapids between Kingston and Montreal, carried members of the Imperial Conference on Economics then in session in Ottawa. There were enough Lords and Ladies aboard to fill Westminster Abbey, and the photographers must have tripped over half the nobility in their anxiety to put the Viscounts in front of the Barons and the Earls in front of the Baronets.

TO A PERSON born in 1932 cellophane is as familiar as cardboard, and yet its manufacture only began in Canada that year. Canadian Industries Ltd. had just built a million dollar plant at Shawinigan Falls, Que. in which to make this product. Prior to the 'thirties nothing was wrapped in cellophane, and the public smoked old dry cigars, and ate germ-laden foodstuffs without whimpering. The young people won't believe this, but even refrigerators stood in store windows without being wrapped in this transparent synthetic, and nobody even turned their heads to stare.

Herbert McManus, now Managing Editor of this magazine, wrote an article on the Canadian Customs under the title, "Have You Anything To Declare?". He decried the eagerness of the Customs men in searching the baggage of returning Canadians for contraband, but explained this eagerness by revealing that the customs officer making the seizure received 25 per cent of the value of the penalty imposed, if the seizure was sustained by Ottawa.

Under a piece titled, "Canadian Authors popular in the United States," by Lionel Stevenson, Ph.D., we find there was no mention of Marshall Saunders and L. M. Montgomery, who wrote the two most widely-known Canadian books ever exported to the U.S., *Beautiful Joe* and *Anne of Green Gables*.

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 47 WHOLE NO. 3147

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillias England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co. 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Lighter Side

Latter-Day Philosopher

WE ARE AGAIN approaching the season when into an unsuspecting society are released hundreds of even more unsuspecting Doctors of Philosophy, each bearing the brand of the university campus where he has been grazing for anywhere from three to thirty years. It had never occurred to me until recently that the brand itself was of much significance, although for years I have been impressed by the wayward coincidence that defines brand not only as "a mark made with a red hot iron, usually on cattle" but also as "a sign of disgrace."

Within the past few months the PhD stamp displayed by a friend of mine has played an important part in his life. His name is James Paltro, PhD, and a couple of years ago he finished several semesters' intensive study of certain aspects of the dorsal fin of the small-mouth black bass. He once tried to explain this research project to me, but its purpose became increasingly obscure the more he carried on about it. I understand, probably mistakenly, that it was necessary for the securing of a doctor's degree in ichthyology, and that the doctor's degree was necessary for the securing of a professorship at a small prairie college which is roughly five hundred miles from the nearest fish.

As a friend, I read his doctoral dissertation, and had quite a struggle getting through to the climax. The dénouement was pure science at its best: "In summary," Paltro wrote, "it may be concluded that an examination of the dorsal fins of ten thousand small-mouth black bass has not revealed enough significant information to indicate whether the information amassed during the investigation is significant or not."

Any man who has spent most of his adult life contemplating the upper edge of a fish not found (as he shrewdly pointed out in his dissertation) in commercial quantities anywhere in the world, is clearly a man to watch, and I have been keeping an eye on Paltro since he went west. Usually when we meet I try to find out what good his PhD is doing him, and for a while he was very small-mouthed about it.

Though professionally a teacher, he is in private life an unregenerate idealist, and therefore prone to pessimism about the affairs of this world. He discovered that the various privileges showered on him with his degree, about which there was a good deal of talk at the ceremony when he got it, more or less boiled down to a guarantee that the university would not actually use force to keep him from doing anything he cared to try on his own time and money. Apart from getting him a job, in fact, the only practical use he found for the thing was one that made him feel worse than ever: with the local tradesmen, he swung a lot more weight as Dr. Paltro than as plain Mr. But even there his days seemed numbered, for the tradesmen's warmth turned as cool as a dorsal fin once they found out he was only a professor.

A few months ago, however, Paltro unearthed evidence that has reconciled him to his PhD. Happening to drop into a library to see if one of the learned journals had published any of the articles he'd written about the small-mouth black bass, his eye was caught by the name of a fellow ichthyologist, one Walter Z. Gentry, DPhil (Oxon.). Paltro had been busy with bass for so long that he had forgotten all about (Oxon.) and naturally he wondered what it was. A little elementary probing established a working hypothesis that (Oxon.) was concerned with Oxford University. Further work revealed that some of the other leading British schools, with typical reserve, also disguised their names in the degree citations sported by their graduates. (Cantab.), he learned, was Cambridge. As a good scientist, he was affronted to discover that DSc (Econ.) was from the London School of Economics.

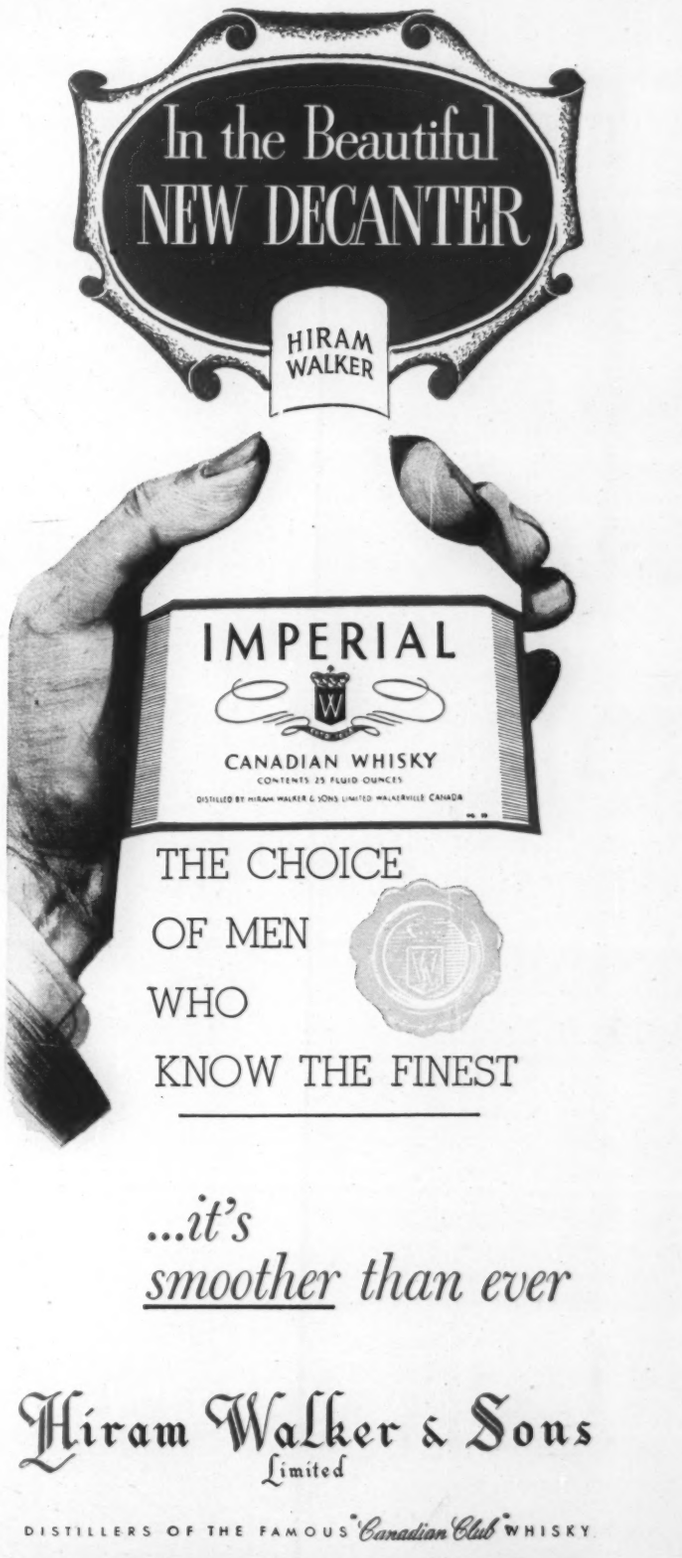
HIS nationalistic sentiments aroused, Paltro carried out a thorough investigation of Canadian faculty lists in university calendars. His research not only altered his attitude towards his doctorate, but made a better citizen of him. Doctors with degrees from the chief institutions of higher learning here, he told me with ill-concealed delight, make almost no attempt to hide themselves. They come out with manly abbreviations that could confuse nobody, and certainly not a man acquainted in even the loosest fashion with the habitats of the small-mouth black bass.

With occasional reference to a wad of notes, he advised me that North American degrees ranged from a rather vulgar (Ark.) down through a friendly (Harv.) and a coy (La.) to a straightforward (Tor.) and (Wash.). Yale, Ohio and Utah, he reported with obvious satisfaction, weren't abbreviated at all in any of the lists he'd studied, while (McG.) impressed him with its unmistakable Canadian ring. His fancy was taken by (Mo.). He thought the perfect note was struck by (Me.).

Paltro was so reassured by all this that, after some thought, he arranged with his local telephone company to list him unashamedly as Dr. Paltro, and since that time he has never looked back. As the college where he teaches is in a prosperous agricultural area, the town holds nearly as many veterinarians as it does medical men, and his general education has been greatly stimulated by calls from people who have stumbled on his name in the directory. He has been summoned to the sickbeds of a wide range of vertebrates that has not, so far, included the black bass, and on the whole he thinks this a lucky omission for him. He hasn't had time to do any serious work on the bass since he received his doctorate.

NORMAN WARD, PhD (Tor.)

Mary Lowrey Ross will resume her contributions to Lighter Side when she returns from her vacation.



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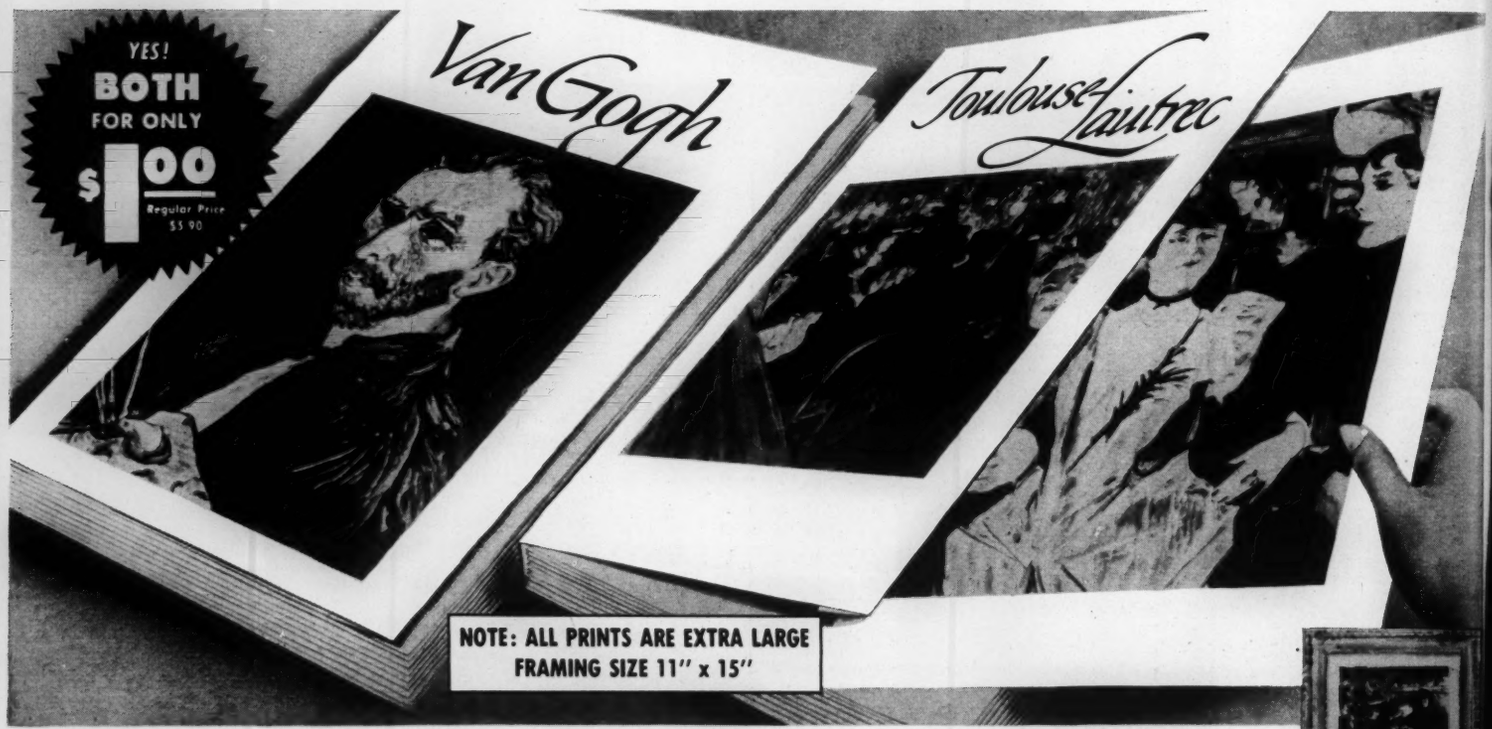

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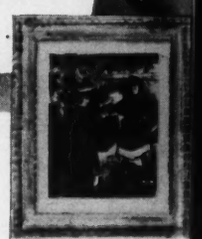

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